

The Romantic Courtship of Lieutenant Grant and Miss Julia Dent.

THE LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS DEBATES, BY A DOUGLAS DEMOCRAT
AND A CONSULAR APPOINTEE OF LINCOLN.

Vol. 6.

NOVEMBER.

No. 5.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

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THE SOCIAL SIDE OF FARM LIFE IN THE MIDDLE-WEST, IN "THE YOUNG HOMESTEADERS"

A MISSOURI ROMANCE—"A DRAMA OF DOODLEBUGS."

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AGENTS WANTED.

HOTELS in New York City change hands frequently. Strange faces, new management and new methods seem to take away from them the comfortable, home-like atmosphere to which the traveler has become accustomed. Here and there, however, there are successful establishments which continue to hold their own under the same management.

THE ST. DENIS

is a hotel of this character, and under the direction of its old-time proprietor, William Taylor, continues one of the most pleasant and attractive hotels in the city. The new addition, which was finished a few years ago, has doubled its capacity. The beautiful COLONIAL DINING ROOM is an attractive feature of this part of the house.

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MRS. U. S. GRANT.

"FIRST LADY IN THE LAND" FROM 1869 TO 1877.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME VI.

NOVEMBER, 1896.

NUMBER 5.

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.

(Begun in the October MIDLAND MONTHLY.)

CHAPTER III.

GRANT'S COURTSHIP BEGINS.

WHEN a cadet at West Point, Grant had as one of his classmates — and a portion of the time as room-mate also — one F. T. Dent (later Brigadier-General and afterwards United States Minister to Denmark), whose father's family lived five miles west from Jefferson Barracks on a farm, — or plantation, as large farms were usually called in the South in those days, — known as "White Haven." It was a beautiful estate and the home of refinement and culture.

There were two unmarried sons at home, and two daughters, aged fifteen and nine, respectively. There was another daughter still older — as Grant well knew from the West Point brother; but when he made his advent at the Dent home soon after his arrival at Jefferson Barracks, armed with delicately written and most cordial credentials from young Lieutenant Dent, "Miss Dent" was not at home. She was attending her finishing term at a young ladies' school in St. Louis. Early in the spring of 1844, as the warm winds from the south opened the flowers, and the melody of the birds awak-

ened every refined and exalted emotion of the soul, this young lady of sweet seventeen returned to her White Haven home.

Lieutenant Grant's intercourse with the family, during his frequent visits, had gained him the esteem and confidence of the elder Dents, as well as the four young people at home. Hence, before the re-



ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Third of THE MIDLAND Series of Grant portraits. The first and second appeared in the October installment.

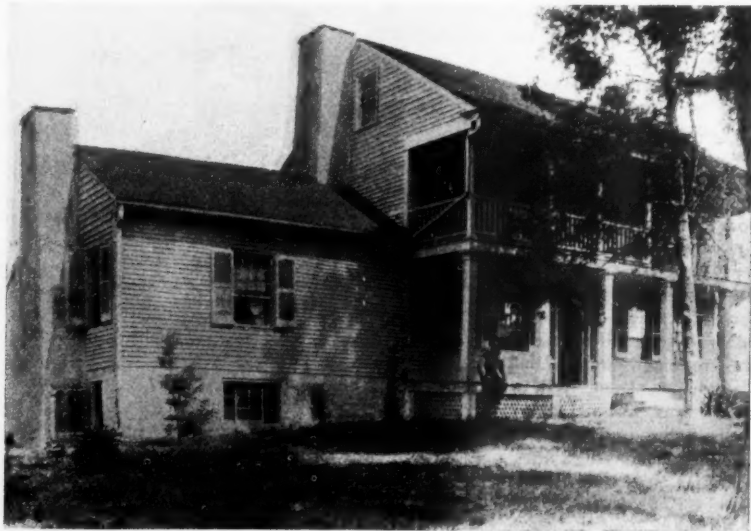
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turn of the accomplished Julia, a cordial friendship had sprung into existence between the family and the young officer. On being introduced to Lieutenant Grant, Julia not only met her brother's classmate and friend,—of whom that brother had often written her many favorable things from West Point,—but also an esteemed and welcome guest in her father's family.

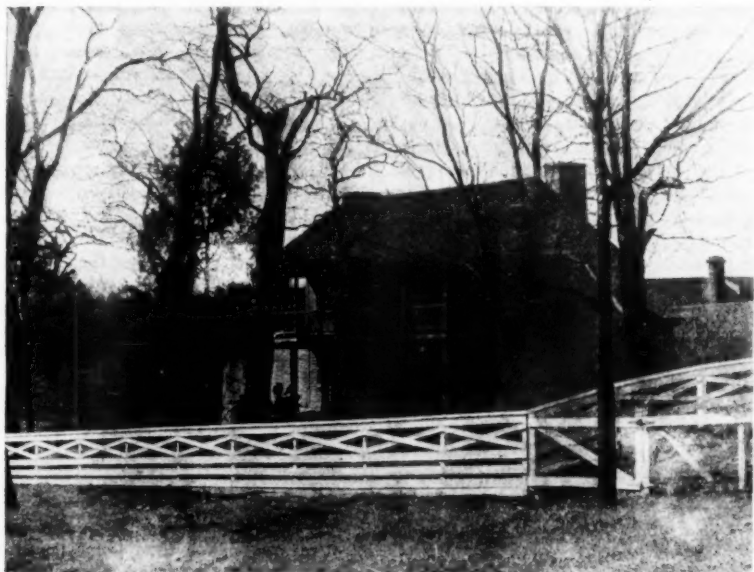
Here were two hearts, fresh, pure, true, unappropriated; refined, cultured, and with high ideals and purposes; both fresh from the halls of learning; both fond of reading,—their ages, seventeen and twenty-two,—why should there not be friendship, mutual sympathy and admiration? Then, Grant was a great horseman,—none better in the army,—and Miss Dent was one of the most clever, graceful and expert horsewomen in the country,—a region then celebrated for its superior horsemanship. An old colored servant, relating recollections of that time when, a small girl, she was all enthusiasm about Miss Julia's skill as a horsewoman, said to me :

"Oh, Massa, I tell yo' she was the bes' rider I eber see! Then yo' orter see Massa Cap'n Grant help her on her horse! She touch her toe to Cap'n Grant's fingers with his gloves on, an' spring into the saddle, like a bird flittin' from one limb of a tree to anodder! Then Cap'n Grant — Oh, Massa, yo' orter seen him git on a horse! He neber spring, neber ben' his back or neck, he jis' put one foot in stirrup an' rise up easy an' straight, an' quick as a wink he would be a-settin' in his saddle straight as a general! Oh, Massa, I tell yer I neber see two ride like Cap'n Grant and Miss Julia!" And she clapped her hands at the memory of it.

And, too, Grant loved nature; was fond of exploring the country. Miss Julia knew every foot of it for miles around her father's house. No bit of fascinating landscape had escaped her quick observation and appreciation, as she had often ridden through its groves and over its gentle undulations in the early morning and the evening, with her trusty horse and dog,



THE OLD DENT MANSION NEAR ST. LOUIS, WHERE LIEUTENANT GRANT COURTED MISS DENT; AFTERWARDS THE HOME OF CAPTAIN AND MRS. GRANT.



COLONEL DENT'S MANSION — VIEW FROM THE NORTHEAST.

The Dent Estate in 1844 included nearly a thousand acres of land within ten miles of St. Louis.

and the singing birds about her as companions. Amid these scenes, in this perfection of nature, and with this refinement and purity of home-life about her, Miss Julia Dent developed into the ideal young woman fit to become the life companion of the great soldier.

In this refined, elevating and pure companionship did Lieutenant Grant pass much of his time during the early months of 1844. If he came to know every highway and byway of the country for a dozen miles around as intimately as a farmer knows his farm, it was most natural, with such a pilot and guide. Is it any surprise that, with their book-lore, their mingling with and study of nature during this delightful spring, time should have flown all too swiftly?

The coming battle-storm with Mexico called Grant away before the young people realized they entertained toward each other any other than sentiments of sincere friendship?

In later life General Grant modestly admitted that his visits to the home of the Dents were *possibly* a little more frequent after Miss Dent arrived at her home; and then he naively adds, "they certainly became more enjoyable."

Their walks and talks were frequent. Miss Dent was a botanist. She knew where the rarest plants and the most beautiful flowers grew. Grant had neglected his botany in his greater love for more practical studies, and surely he could not now neglect this his first opportunity to take lessons, and from so competent and companionable a teacher as Miss Dent, assisted very often by a younger sister.

On this portion of the west bank of the Mississippi are many charming valleys opening towards the river, extending back a few hundred yards, some of them much farther. The gentle slopes were covered with clean, park-like groves and vines, and with grass and ferns and

flowers. Rippling brooklets flashed and laughed as they danced and leaped along over white pebbles or clean ledges of rocks to the great river. These "coves" or little valleys were then as they had come from the hand of the Creator. The rays of the sun flashed into them from the east in early morn, and continued to smile upon them most of the day in early spring-time, so that they were clothed with grass and plants and flowers of many hues long before spring had covered the uplands with its mantle of new life. To these charming spots frequent visits were necessarily made with "botany" and glass and needles to analyze the flowers, while the attendant would have "Lady of the Lake," or some other book of poems, in his pocket or lunch-basket, in case botanizing and exploration should grow tedious.

On one occasion while Miss Dent was intent on unfolding and explaining the intricate structure of a rare and beautiful flower to young Grant, who was anxiously peering into the recesses and marvels of its structure, the sharp bark of a dog disturbed their studies. In a moment a deer bounded lightly past them, almost directly toward the dog. The yelping became more rapid as the deer, with dog in pursuit, flew away over the country on a circle and back to the river two miles up stream.

The deer was the mother of a little spotted fawn only a few days old and this cove was evidently her home, for as the mother had run toward the dog to attract its attention and induce the dog to follow her away from the baby and thus save it, the little thing came hopping along and hid under a small bush almost within touch of Grant and Miss Dent. They talked to it sympathetically and assured it that the dog should not injure it if it would stay close to them. They could have caught it, but Grant thought it would be cruel to rob its mother thus wantonly, and Miss Dent agreed. He suggested that the mother would be back again as soon as she had "led the dogs a dance" over the hills and could then free herself from their pursuit by taking to the water.

And so it happened. Not long after, the cunning little mother came up out of the river, having swam down stream from where she had left the dogs, and she came softly walking up to within a few rods of the place where the botanists were sitting. She stood looking at them for some minutes, then gave a stamp with her foot, and instantly the pretty little fawn leaped away to its mother, and they trotted off a few hundred yards and lay down on the other slope, and watched the botanists and their escort until the slanting rays of the sun, as it painted in gold and crimson and purple the young buds and leaves and flowers about them, admonished them to turn their faces homeward.

As Miss Dent arose and looked around over nature's brilliant garden of wild flowers, she repeated the poet's words:

"Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay."

And Grant instantly replied, quoting from the same poem which both had been reading at Miss Julia's home, that very morning:—

"Brilliant hopes all woven in golden tissues,
Flaunting gayly in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,"—

And here his memory failed him, and his listener came to the rescue with the missing line.

Some choice flowers of Grant's gathering that had escaped the dissecting needles found their way in quite a mysterious manner among the ribbons of a little lady's hat that lay near him. The ride home was pleasant, but uneventful. And when he bade her good-night at her father's door he carried back to the post a few of the choicest flowers the little lady had collected.

Adventurous horsemen and women do sometimes meet with adventures, and young Grant and Miss Dent did not wholly escape.

When the water is high in the Mississippi the current is swift, and it abrades the banks quite rapidly where they are of alluvial soil—it undermines them—and they frequently "cave in" several

yards or rods at a time. In the early spring, in one of their afternoon explorations, they were riding along the bank of the river passing from one cove or valley to the mouth of another. Miss Dent, was nearest the water. The land was but a few feet above the surface of the swift-flowing, turbulent stream. Suddenly Miss Dent's horse began to sink. The earth had given way under his hind feet. Grant's horse was close beside hers. In an instant he saw that her horse was sinking into the awful abyss! Grant's cool head and splendid horsemanship here had opportunity to display itself. Quick as a flash he leaned over, threw his right arm around Miss Dent's waist and drew her to him as her horse instantly disappeared in the seething and murky eddy that a moment later boiled and surged in angry tumult over the place where bank and horse had vanished from sight!

It was a frightful moment!

Fortunately the earth parted between the two animals, leaving Grant's horse on solid ground. Lifting and firmly holding Miss Dent, and applying spur to his horse, he was on safe ground in a moment; then he gently lowered her to the earth, — all this without a word from "the silent man," or a scream or murmur from her!

As he hastened back to rescue her horse, she stood holding the bridle of his, outwardly as composed as if nothing had happened. Later, when she had time to reflect upon the horror of the situation, Miss Dent was somewhat nervous, but she did not lose control of herself for a moment.

Her horse had totally disappeared. Grant followed down stream and hailed a boatman in a skiff, who found the horse swimming along several hundred yards below, amidst driftwood and debris. He landed the animal at a place where it could climb the bank, and it was soon on safe ground, none the worse for the fright and the bath. Grant liberally rewarded the boatman for the rescue of the horse, and in a short time triumphantly led Miss Dent's dripping steed back to her! By this time their escort had

appeared on the scene and the wet horse and saddle were exchanged for dry ones. It was agreed that "the folks at home" would not be any the happier for a knowledge of the adventure, and that for the present nothing should be said on the subject. My informant says that this was the one event in Grant's life to which he ever afterwards reverted with a shudder.

The occurrence had no effect upon the intimacy of the young people, unless it was to strengthen the ties of friendship between them. Grant was strictly attentive to every duty. He assisted in enforcing the strictest discipline in the little army at the post, and was diligent in the pursuit of his studies. As Tyler's administration was making every effort, against the protest of Mexico, to bring about the annexation of Texas, with its western boundary at the Rio Grande, there was always present for discussion in the army, as in the country, the question of the possibilities of war.

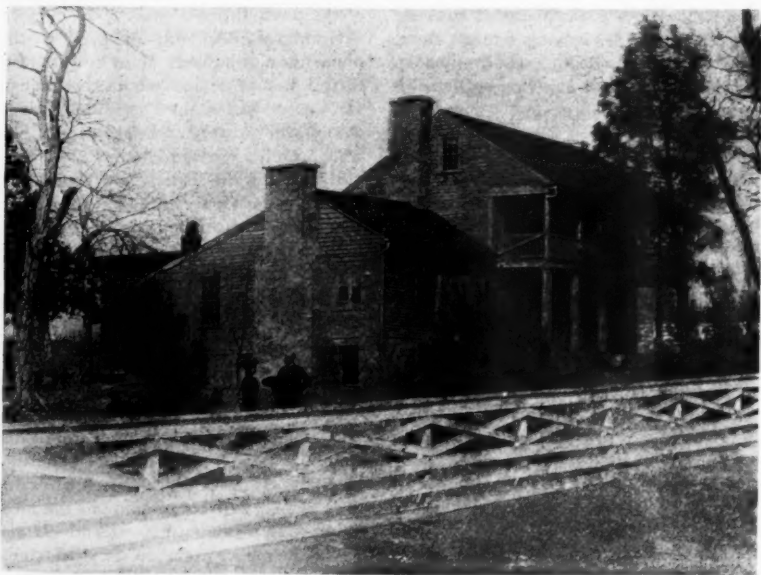
Grant was decidedly opposed to the annexation, and felt that a war thus forced upon Mexico would be unjust. He was, however, then as always, ready to perform his duty and obey orders.

One evening in April, in one of Grant's rides through the country with Miss Dent, they passed along a pretty road with many windings on the top of one of the gentle ridges which divide the small streams and valleys. It was smooth, and over-arched by grand old primeval oaks, unmarred and untouched by the vandal axeman. The afternoon was calm, the road shady, the air balmy, and of that temperature which makes one feel in perfect harmony with one's environments. Their horses had for a long time been walking slowly. They had been chatting about the fate of Mary Queen of Scots. The subject led on to some of the most interesting incidents in Scott's novels, and finally centered upon the Scottish clans. Miss Dent ventured to suggest a *quere* about the Scotch Grants, but, as in later years, he never cared to talk about anything to his own credit or praise, so then he had no desire to disclose the fact

that he was of that renowned stock. He deftly turned the conversation by asking his companion if she had any idea how the ridge they were riding upon, and these valleys and undulations about them, came to be as they were, and whether she had read any of that other Scotchman's works—Hugh Miller's. Before any response came, their horses raised their heads and their ears straightened up and turned forward to catch a sound. By the roadside two small boys and a dog had treed a coon and a possum. They stopped a moment to see the boys belaboring the tree with clubs. Just then a loud call of distress came from across the valley bottom several hundred yards distant. The call grew louder. They could see through the open forest at the far side of the valley a partial opening or clearing. They turned their horses and rode rapidly in the direction of the

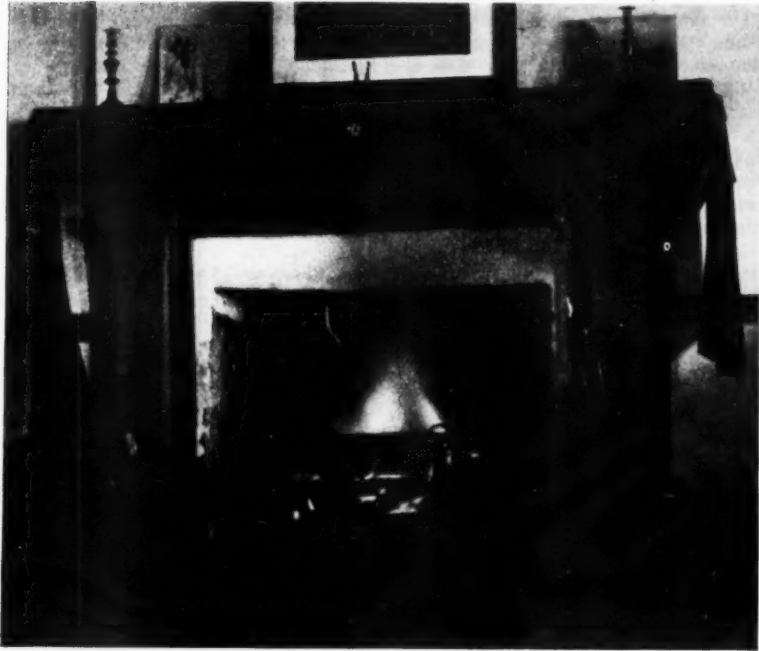
cries of distress. They found that an old negro, while engaged in clearing the land for corn-planting, had cut his foot severely with his axe,—had severed an artery. They found him holding the wound tightly with his hand to stop the flow of blood as much as possible.

They dismounted and Grant's quick action in emergency was again exhibited. His pocket-handkerchief was folded and pressed to the wound and then held there by Miss Dent,—who seems to have been on all occasions Grant's complement in coolness and command of expedients,—while the old darkey was made to press the severed artery on each side the cut to stop the flow of blood. Grant took the axe, cut some clean oak bark and in a minute had it bruised into a pulp, on the top of a stump. The pulp was placed on the wound, and Miss Dent's pocket-handkerchief and Grant's, already saturated with



THE DENT MANSION AS IT NOW APPEARS—THE VIEW IS FROM THE SOUTHEAST.

It was an elegant residence for its time, of the old Maryland-Virginia Colonial style of Architecture. Comfortable quarters for the Negro slaves were in the rear of the Mansion. The large rooms have massive, old-style fire-places, all of which are still in use. Grant afterwards became owner of the estate, now called "Grant-wood," and fitted it up with new fences and capacious barns and stables. Captain Conn, the present owner, and the artist, Mrs. Johnson, stand in the foreground of the picture.



FIRE-PLACE IN THE NORTH ROOM OF THE DENT-GRANT MANSION IN ST. LOUIS COUNTY.

blood, were bound over it. Then the back of the man's vest was torn out and wrapped over these. These were held in place by Miss Dent, while Grant peeled a quantity of "leatherwood" bark from shrubs growing plentifully in the bottom-lands, and carefully tied the improvised bandages. The blood ceased to flow. The man's wife and two little girls (and that is how these particulars came to be revealed, for Grant never told a story of his own good deeds) came on the scene, but were so paralyzed with terror that they could do nothing but wring their hands and cry. The only intelligible words the woman uttered were in objection to Grant's tearing the back out of the old man's vest that lay on a stump near by! He told her he would bring her husband a new vest.

Grant carefully lifted the old darkey upon his horse, took him to his cabin

near by, and admonished him to lie still until the next day when he would come and see how his patient was getting on.

While binding up the wound Miss Dent remarked to Grant that she had "always had the impression that it was the mission of the soldier to make wounds, not to bind them up." Grant after a pause said,— "Perhaps it's both: But don't you think when one makes a wound, one should try to heal it?"—with a quiet look at Miss Dent. Her eyes dropped to the bandage, but she was silent.

The witness to this scene says, "Mammer said how that Miss Julia 'peared not to understand what Cap'n Grant meant, but she said how she 'lowed she did, cause she herself know'd, and Mammer said how Miss Julia was the knowin'est Miss she ever seen in her born days."

Their bloody hands were washed and after some *facetiae* between the two ama-

teur surgeons, as to the propriety of entering the profession of surgery, they hastened home.

As he would have to make speed to reach the post in time for dress-parade, he bade Miss Dent a hasty good-night, having arranged to be at the negro's cabin with a surgeon at 4 o'clock on the morrow,—Miss Dent to see what she could take to comfort the old man.

Late that evening, a visit was made the cabin by Miss Dent and other members of the Dent family, to see that the patient was safe from bleeding and was resting comfortably, and to supply him with necessaries and comforts.

That evening Lieutenant Grant related the events of the day to the surgeon at Jefferson Barracks, and that officer readily consented to ride out the next afternoon and give the darkey's foot thorough surgical care. At 4 o'clock Lieutenant Grant and the surgeon, with necessary appliances, were at the cabin, and the wound was dressed and bandaged in due form. While it was progressing Miss Dent and her attendant, with a basket, arrived, and the surgeon, who had not before met her, was introduced. While his hands were busy with his task, his tongue was also busy with compliments because of the surgical expedients of Lieutenant Grant and herself, the day before. Grant had thoughtfully brought a new army vest to replace the one he had torn into bandages the day before, and the old darkey's eyes flashed with joy and pleasure. One of the negro's grandchildren lately brought out from its hiding place and exhibited one of the long-treasured buttons from the celebrated "Grant vest," as they called it.

The patient was left comfortable and quite happy. Miss Dent said she would be pleased to have the two officers go by her home and see her father and mother, who would be happy to welcome them. They responded that they would be most happy to comply with her suggestion. She asked the surgeon if he would like to go by a circuitous route and view some scenery that had often delighted

Lieutenant Grant and herself. He "would be most pleased to act on the happy suggestion," and, with Lieutenant Grant's assistance, Miss Dent sprang lightly into her saddle and their horses bounded away.

At her father's home the officers were welcomed with that frank and cordial hospitality ever characteristic of cultured and refined people in the South and West.

In a very short time,—for the officers had but a few minutes to tarry if they would reach the post at the appointed hour,—Miss Dent, without stopping to change her apparel, was serving tea and cake with her own hands to the two officers and her father and mother on the wide and shady veranda. Then, bringing her own little china cup, a relic of her childhood days, she sat beside her mother in her elegant riding habit and dainty little hat with nodding plumes, and laughed and chatted with the members of the circle, especially defending the surgical operation of Lieutenant Grant and herself the day before. The surgeon joined in praise of the operation. He was inclined to think it was not sufficiently scientific to gain for the operator a medal in the London College of Surgeons, yet it was a great feat of genius, accomplished as it was in the woods! He thought Miss Dent should in some way belong to the army, she had stood her baptism of blood so well!

She was silent; so was Grant. She sipped her tea slowly, because her cup and hand while doing so partly hid her face. But the surgeon got no sign. Grant, too, was placid.

The cups emptied, the officers arose, bade all good-night and bowed themselves off the upper step; then, mounting outside the enclosure, wheeled to the gate; saluted their entertainers again; wheeled their horses and galloped away at brisk speed toward the post.

After a few minutes' silence the surgeon said,—“Grant, you son of Mars, under what lucky star were you born? My ability to diagnose is not confined to gun-

shot wounds, or to wounds made by saber or by axe. Now confess, you lucky dog you, confess!" But Grant seemed not to understand what the surgeon meant. He did not know that he had been guilty of any wrong! True, he admitted, his surgery of the day before was not as scientific as the surgery to-day had been, but then!—well, but,—but,—the surgeon's talk was all Latin to him! He could understand a little French and German, but,—well, the surgeon's talk was beyond his comprehension!

The surgeon had his *opinion*, but held his peace,—and so did Grant.

Forty years later, in speaking about his courtship, in his Memoirs,* General Grant says: "It is possible this intercourse with the Dent family and Miss Dent might have continued for some years without my finding out that there was anything serious the matter with me." But in May events in the Southwest were culminating rapidly and there were visible movements of the army in that direction.

CHAPTER IV.

LIEUTENANT GRANT TAKES A SHORT LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

In May, 1844, Grant obtained twenty days' leave of absence to visit his father's home in Ohio. A day or two after he departed on his trip, his regiment,—the Fourth Infantry,—was ordered to proceed to Fort Jessup, Louisiana, about twenty-five miles east of the Texas line, to "observe the frontier." They immediately started on steamboats down the Mississippi and up the Red River.

*In a letter dated New York, March 21, 1880, Col. Frederick D. Grant wrote the author as follows:

"My Dear Col. Emerson,—You are at perfect liberty to use as much of the "Personal Memoirs" as you please in your forthcoming work,—also to print my letter of February 26th." etc.

The letter of February 26th, above referred to contains the following tribute to the value of Col. Emerson's work: "I read your article and was so pleased with what you had to say, and the way in which you said it, that I assembled the family together and reread it to them. We all agreed that your paper brings out and proves points which will give the historical student a better idea of General Grant's character than any other similar paper that we have ever read." etc.

[Signed] "FREDERICK D. GRANT."

After reaching his old home, Grant learned by a letter from a fellow officer at Jefferson Barracks that his regiment had been ordered to leave and was on the eve of departure. Before his twenty days' leave expired, he grew each day more "anxious to get back to Jefferson Barracks." He says, "I now understood the reason without explanation from any one! My leave of absence required me to report for duty at Jefferson Barracks at the end of twenty days. I knew my regiment had gone up the Red River, but I was not disposed to break the *letter* of my leave. Accordingly, at the end of twenty days I reported for duty to Lieutenant Ewell, commanding the post, handing him at the same time my leave of absence.... He gave me an order to join my regiment in Louisiana. I then asked for a few days' leave before starting, which he readily granted."

Grant's horse had been shipped with the regiment, but he was not long in finding another. He loved a horse and was not altogether happy without one. When he became President, "talking horse," as he termed it, was often his great recourse against the office-hunters, who swarmed around him and bewildered him in the White House.

The Lieutenant Ewell who gave Grant this additional leave "was the same Ewell," says Grant, "who acquired considerable reputation as a Confederate General during the Rebellion. He was a man much esteemed, and deservedly so, in the old army, and proved himself a gallant and efficient officer in two wars—both in my estimation unholy."

When Ewell handed Grant the order to join his regiment, and also a few days' additional "leave," he remarked very pleasantly that he had no doubt the recipient would find the climate in the country west of the river much more inspiring and elevating than he had found it in any of his late wanderings in the East! Lieutenant Grant thanked him and smiled, but said nothing.

During his absence, and with the prospect of an indefinite separation from his

White Haven friends,—the one friend of all friends in particular,—Grant had made the discovery that there was really something serious the matter with him. He had provided himself with a new uniform, he had the desired leave of absence, and sympathizing brother officers had loaned him a good horse; and, with his mind at ease on these points, he was about to start off on the most momentous campaign of his life—one more trying to his courage than any of his later campaigns.

The prize, the object of his quest, was greater than the conquest of a kingdom. "Yet," says the officer who was present and gave the writer the minutest particulars of the event, "Grant made a confidant of none of us; but we knew of his courtship and so we suspected the object of his present mission to the country, and by many hints we let him understand our suspicions; *but he was silent.*"

CHAPTER V.

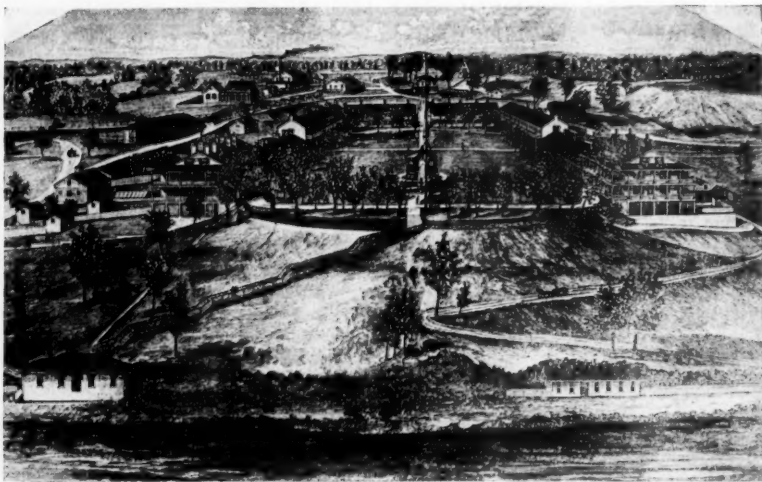
GRANT PROPOSES TO MISS DENT AND IS OFF FOR THE WAR.

It was a charming May day when Lieutenant Grant mounted his horse and rode

out of the Barracks gate toward White Haven. It had rained furiously the day and night before, but there never was a brighter or more balmy May morning than that.

Forty years later General Grant in his *Memoirs* tells so innocently and naturally of that adventurous ride that, with full permission of his literary executor, I quote his own account of it.

"There is an insignificant creek—the Gravois—between Jefferson Barracks and the place to which I was going, and at that day there was not a bridge over it from its source to its mouth. There is not water enough in the creek at ordinary stages to run a coffee-mill, and at low water there is none running whatever. On this occasion it had been raining heavily, and when the creek was reached I found the banks full to overflowing and the current rapid. I looked at it a moment to consider what to do. One of my superstitions had always been when I started to go anywhere or do anything not to turn back or stop until the thing intended was accomplished. . . . So I struck into the stream, and in an instant the



JEFFERSON BARRACKS, NEAR ST. LOUIS, AS IT LOOKED WHEN GRANT REVISITED THE SPOT IN 1861.
Compare the view with that of the Barracks in 1844, as published in the October installment.



THE OLD UNITED STATES ARSENAL IN ST. LOUIS.

View from Lyon Park, looking East, showing the Western Gate through which Captain Lyon, U. S. A., and Colonel Blair marched on their way to the capture of Camp Jackson. At this entrance Grant and Blair had a consultation while the men were forming for the march, May 10, 1861. The Arsenal was one great source of supply for Grant's troops during all his Mississippi Valley Campaigns.

horse was swimming and I being carried down by the current. I headed my horse towards the other bank and soon reached it, wet through and without other clothes on that side of the stream. I went on, however, to my destination and borrowed a dry suit from my future brother-in-law. We were not of the same size, but the clothes answered every purpose until I got more of my own!"

Of course, it would have been contrary to Grant's constitution of mind to retreat or wait a few hours for the flood to subside. With him then, as in all his military movements in his later career, *now* was the accepted time.

A young colored person — now an old woman — who was at the Dent house on that occasion, gave the writer some interesting glimpses of this visit,—to Grant and Miss Dent a most momentous event. Miss Dent did not know of Grant's return from Ohio, and his sudden advent was a

surprise to her. Besides, the streams were a-flood and impassable!

The woman thus related what she saw:

"Cap'n Grant had swum through the muddy creek and when he got down at the gate the water was a-drippin' from 'im, and his boots was full of water. But he come right in! Miss Julia was busy fixin' up flowers and plants that had been put down by the storm and rain las' night afore, and I was a-helpin' to hold 'em up. When he come through the gate, I says, 'Lor' me, Miss Julia! der is Cap'n Grant for sho'!' He come right straight to us, and she made a step or two to meet him. Cap'n he took off his hat and bowed polite and he hel' her hand for a minute, and no one said a word. He wer wet all over; then they both laughed, and I dist laughed and laughed! Then Cap'n he 'splained to her how the creek was jis' a-boomin', but he wanted to come right *then*, and so he jis' come. Then they

laughed agin, and then she asked him to the house and told him her brother would get him some dry clothes." And the old woman added, "I dis tell yo', Colonel, I dis b'lieve how Miss Julia felt mighty proud that Cap'n would swim a creek to get to see her so sudden after his comin' back!"

The observant eye of a bright darkey girl misses no detail when lovers are abroad, but I shall not linger over the few happy days they were permitted to spend in friendly intercourse at the Dent home before Grant's departure for what was felt to be certain to become the seat of war.

If the reader has not personally experienced it, he or she can form but a very inadequate conception of the real charm and delight of the balmy and radiant May climate of the Jefferson Barracks region, in Missouri. The air and sunlight are inspiring. All the elements of nature seem to combine in the perfection of conditions to make life joyous, yes, blissfully happy. And the birds, realizing the charm of existence, come hither from their southern winter resorts, and, inspired by the new conditions and experiences of happy spring-time, make the air redolent of sweet music, as the wild flowers in infinite variety fill it with their delicious odors.

It was amid such environments that Grant and the little lady whom he was timidly hoping to win passed these few last days together. Their hearts were as happy as all their surroundings were beautiful and joyous; as true and pure as the uncorrupted nature with which they most loved to commune.

Stormy weather had delayed Miss Dent's flower gardening, and Grant was happy that it had. The two young people were industrious and vigilant, and the brother and the father and mother were sure White Haven lawn was never before so artistically arranged and decorated. If now and then during this flower-planting young Grant slyly placed a rosebud or a pansy in the curls of Miss Dent's hair while her fingers were busy with rootlet and clinging earth, it is not necessary that it should be here chronicled.

But the fiat of destiny seems to introduce many interruptions into Edenic life. The last planting had been finished, and on the one question of infinite importance to him Grant still remained silent. He was more silent than usual during those last few precious hours as they worked on together.

Grant had walked off by himself, and around by the greenhouse, where he had found a beautiful, partly-opened rose. This he brought back and, placing a stool near Miss Dent where she sat making a final inspection of the flower-bed just finished, he seated himself facing her. He held the rose in his fingers slightly extended toward her and asked if she would accept it. She removed her glove and took the rose from his fingers and held it, looking at it, then at him. After a moment's silence, he ventured to say he hoped she would wear it for the giver's sake. With trembling fingers she fastened it in her corsage. Another silence; then Grant asked if he might return to her,—if return he should from the wars,—and—

There was no other word spoken between the lovers but their eyes told the story, each to the other,—the old yet ever new story of true love.

After tea they rode over to visit the old darkey on whose foot they had performed the surgical operation a few weeks before. Supremely happy themselves, they made him happy with kind words and in more substantial ways.

Next morning the hour of departure arrived. Farewells were said to all the family except Miss Dent, who accompanied her lover to the gate; then, he leading his horse, they walked slowly on a few hundred yards to an elevation off the roadway, and stood looking in the direction of Jefferson Barracks whence he would presently disappear on his long journey to the far South. The farewells then and there spoken no ear heard but their own.

As Grant rode eastward over a depression and ascended another elevation beyond which he would be hid from view,

he turned in his saddle and saw a white handkerchief held in dainty fingers to the lips of a fair little lady standing silent and alone at the place of parting. He waved a final salute, turned, rode rapidly, and soon vanished from her sight. For

some time she stood silent and motionless. Then turning, with resolute heart and firm step she returned to her home, there to resume her duties and responsibilities and patiently wait the return of her soldier lover.

(To be Continued.)



JOAQUIN MILLER'S MOUNTAIN HOME.

BY MARY LOUISE PRATT.

ONE day in Oakland, California, Joaquin Miller said, giving us directions for reaching his home in the mountains, "Drive out though Fruitvale and take the road to the left, going two miles east and one mile perpendicular."

We started early, driving through the city and then following the narrow, winding trail that climbs the foot-hills to the mountains. So narrow is this road that two carriages cannot pass, except at the places, every half mile, where niches are cut in the rock to admit one team waiting for another.

At last the road widened and came out upon the summit of the hill owned by Mr. Miller. Six years ago he bought a thousand acres in the foot-hills for a sum almost nominal. Now, by his own hard work this place has improved to such an extent that he has been offered forty thousand dollars for it, and in a few more years it will be worth twice that sum.

As we left our carriage at the gate (there being no drive up to the house) Mr. Miller came running down the path to meet us, himself the brightest figure in all that bright landscape. He wore the gayest of colors, and, as I understood, was dressed as he always is when at home on the mountains: in light corduroy trousers, a buff silk shirt, red sash and black velvet vest, with a bear skin slung over his shoulders. He looked like a true Spaniard of the olden days. His long light hair made a beautiful frame for a very kind face. As he greeted us he turned

and waved his hand, taking in the whole country round about.

"It is all yours," he exclaimed, "the houses, flowers and fruit, and all I ask of you is to be happy."

A small thing, we thought, but one that means much to him, as he cannot bear to have any unhappiness near him.

He took us up the path to three small cottages, standing side by side, called Spring, Summer and Autumn. I only peeped into the first—the walls of which were gay with childish pictures, the whole room, in fact, furnished for a child—his little daughter Jaunita, who, with her mother, came on from New York a year ago to spend the summer.

As we started into the next cottage, "Summer," Mr. Miller bade us look up over the door, saying, "There are the three religions; you may take your choice."

There, indeed, were the symbols over the door,—the rising sun, the crescent and the cross. This cottage consists of one large square room—Mr. Miller's own. Half of it is used for a sitting-room, furnished in gay chintz, while the sloping walls are one mass of photographs of noted people and curious relics its owner has brought from all parts of the world. Curtains divide the room and make a bed-room of the other half,—and here is where Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," does his writing.

He told me that he had coffee brought to him at 11:00 o'clock in the morning, and from that time until 1:00 he did what

writing he had to do, then dressed and was ready for the first real meal of the day.

The third cottage is a miniature chapel on the outside, but within there is no suggestion of the church. The room is simply filled with quaint articles gathered from the Indians, nearly all having a story connected with them. Two huge bear paws hanging from the ceiling caught our attention and I asked him what they were for. He bade each one of us take hold of them and look directly at the paw in our hands, saying to us that they were claws from the famous Rain-bear of the North, given him by the chief of an Indian tribe he had journeyed with, and that when sought through the medium of the paws the Great Spirit would bring rain to the earth. This was the greatest gift the chief could bestow on his friend, as the other two paws must stay in the tribe forever. Much interested, we fastened our eyes upon the paws and Mr. Miller began to sing a queer Indian song, begging for

rain. As we were listening to him suddenly we heard the sound of water outside. Whoever heard of rain in California in mid-summer, and with the sun shining, and not a cloud in the sky!

But there it was, and for ten feet around us the ground was wet.

In a few minutes Mr. Miller sang another little song and waved a coyote's tail, which caused the rain to cease.

On walking out behind the house I discovered the secret of the rain,—with all due respect to the Rain-bear,—for over the house was a most compact water-tank with sprinklers running around on the four sides, and a key connecting with the tank is operated from the chapel.

I might tell of many more ingenious contrivances Mr. Miller has prepared for his own and his guests' amusement.

We were then taken up to a fourth and larger cottage, for luncheon, where a kind old lady came down the path to bid us welcome "in Joaquin's name"—his mother.



JOAQUIN MILLER'S ROOM—INTERIOR VIEW OF HIS HOME NEAR OAKLAND,



JOAQUIN MILLER AT HOME—"THE HEIGHTS," ABOVE OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

After a hearty lunch and a look at his two fish-ponds,—there being plenty of water on the ranch,—I started up the mountain with Mr. Miller to visit his tomb.

It was a long, steep walk, but the goal was at last reached. The tomb is built of great rocks that have been carried up to that lonely spot on the mountain, hundreds of feet above the sea. Perhaps

one hundred feet away is his funeral pile—also built of stone—for Mr. Miller has given orders that his body be burned and the ashes placed in the tomb. For miles these two huge piles of stone can be seen. They serve as a landmark to the country round about. On our way back to the others we walked among the groves of fruit, stopping to pick peaches, pears and plums, and thence through the most

beautiful spot of all — the rose gardens. I might say that the whole ranch is a flower-bed, and it would not be far from the truth, for even in the orchards Mr. Miller has planted rows of La France roses and violets between the trees — and about the cottages are acres of roses.

The next day Henry Irving and Ellen Terry were expected up to spend the day, and Mr. Miller had planned to have the path from the gate to the house strewn with roses for Miss Terry to walk upon, — quite as the knights of old would have done.

But I must tell you a story that Mrs. Miller, the mother, told me. Mr. Miller had never sold anything from the place. The fruit and flowers are free to anyone that comes, for he is so far away that few people but friends come to visit him. One day some strangers visited the place and, as Mr. Miller was not at home, his man took them about. One of the ladies asked if she could buy some of the violets. The flowers were given her, but she

insisted on paying the man four bits — fifty cents. At night when Mr. Miller came home the man handed him the money, the first ever earned from the place in six years! Mr. Miller divided it equally with the man and gave fifteen cents to his mother as a keep-sake. Taking the remaining dime he nailed it to his door, as he said, to always have money near him!

As we waited for our carriage at the gate the sun was setting, filling the whole valley with a golden light and touching the sea away in the distance. The place is well named "The Heights," for from it can be seen the whole valley with Oakland lying at its feet, the bay with San Francisco just across, while out and beyond stands the Golden Gate, entrance from the Old World to the New.

With the memory of a delightful day we bade our genial host good-bye, and turned our backs upon the place that is truly "far from gay cities and the haunts of men."



ON FOOT IN EGYPT AND PALESTINE.

IN AND AROUND JERUSALEM — THE MOHAMMEDANS, THE JEWS, THE ROMAN CATHOLICS — ACELDAMA — POOL OF SILOAM — AMONG THE TOMBS.

BY N. TIERNAGEL.

IV.

I ENGAGED a room in the home of a pleasant German-Russian family in the German Colony in the city of Jerusalem. The room was comfortable and the price — 17 francs a month — was reasonable. I obtained good substantial meals at a Turkish restaurant, paying a half franc for my dinner. The meals were served promptly at 12:00 and 6:00, but during the feast of the Ramahdan nothing was obtainable till sundown. The Mohammedans fast throughout the day during this feast, but toward sundown they gather around the tables half famished and eagerly await the firing of the big cannon which is a signal that the eat-

ing operations may begin. Long before the reverberation has died away every Arab is deep in his dish of rice or soup, using arms, fingers, and teeth to the best possible advantage, making up for lost time.

The German Colony, three hundred in all, is near the railroad station quite outside the city limits, in the Plain of Raphaim, where David slew the Philistines (II. Sam., v. 18.) The buildings are all modern, and the streets are laid out in European style.

Jerusalem is built on a platform of limestone. The surrounding country consists of little but rocks and stones and looks

barren indeed. The city lies thirty-two miles distant from the sea and 2,500 feet above sea-level. The climate is therefore very pleasant, the sea breeze tempering even the hottest summer days. Snow seldom falls here, but in December and January the rains are often heavy; the ill-paved, crooked streets are then very dirty.

Jerusalem has retained its ancient walls and ancient customs longer than any other city in the world. The walls extend about the city in a circumference of two and one-half miles. They are 38 feet in height and are ornamented by thirty-four towers. The buildings in the city are all of stone, wood being very scarce. The dwellings are interesting,—after one gets inside, for their small entrances are not always easy to find. Their style of building can best be explained by saying that they take a certain space and build rooms around it. This space forms a court, around which are grouped the rooms, with a cistern in the center. Their roofs serve the same purpose as our porches. On the roof the Oriental smokes his pipe and visits with his friends. Pots and troughs filled with beautiful flowers are frequently seen on the roofs. In many houses there are no windows of glass,—simply small apertures in the wall, giving the rooms a gloomy look. A chimney is considered a luxury. The smoke usually finds exit through doors and so-called windows. Few can afford stoves, hence the rooms with their plastered walls and stone floors are more or less cold during the winter months.

The water supply of Jerusalem is kept in cisterns. The roofs are so constructed as to catch and head into cisterns all the water that falls upon them. The supply is naturally limited, but where the cisterns are kept clean the water is as good and wholesome as our well water. Strangers, however, must drink sparingly at first, as it may cause fever and derangement of the stomach.

The present number of inhabitants in Jerusalem is about 40,000. Of these 7,560 are Muslims, 2,000 Latins (Roman

Catholics), 4,000 Orthodox Greeks, 500 Armenians, 100 Copts, 300 Protestants, 150 United Greeks, 50 United Armenians, and over 28,000 Jews. Although the Muslim population is comparatively small yet it is the ruling power. The city government consists of an executive council and a town council, with a governor and a mayor as superior officers. The resident Greeks, Protestants, Latins, Armenians, and Jews are allowed a voice in these councils.

Jerusalem has a battalion of Turkish infantry. The soldiers are the most awkward and unwieldy body of men I have ever seen. They wear short, ill-fitting jackets, and their trousers are invariably much too short. They make the days and evenings hideous near the barracks with their singing and attempts at instrumental music. They sing in monotonous minor strains, and puff and blow their battered brass horns without the least regard to time and melody.

Jerusalem is considered holy by the Mohammedans because of Omar's Mosque which is next in importance to the great Mosque at Mecca.

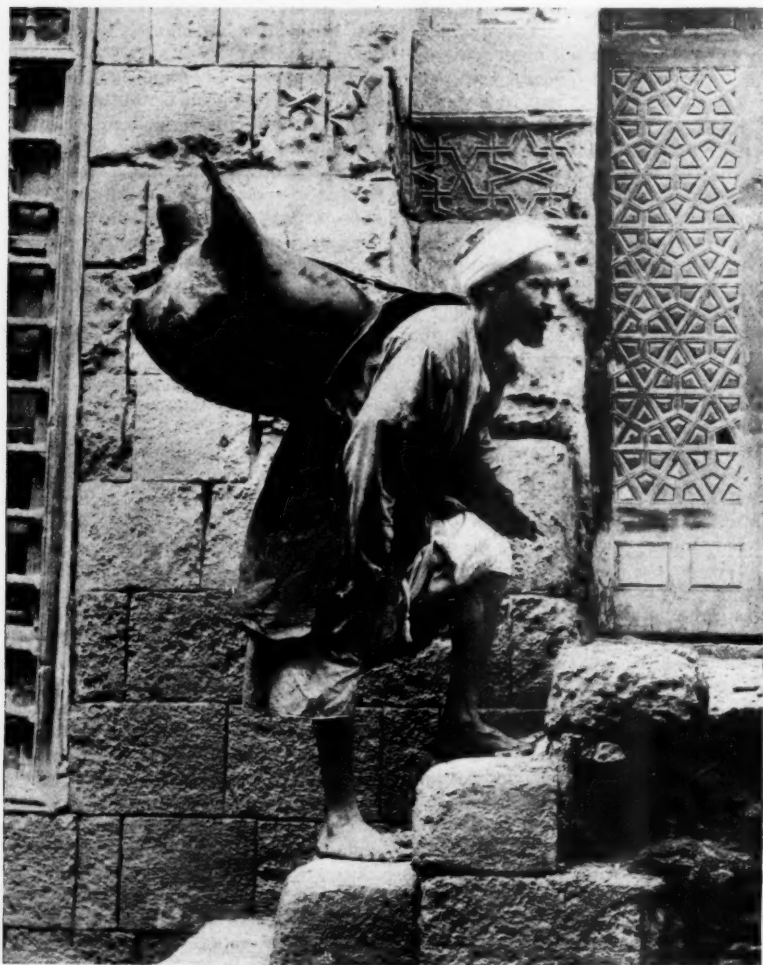
Friday is the Mohammedan Sabbath, but they often keep their shops open all the same, while on Sunday afternoon they nearly always close.

The Mohammedans have many queer customs, such as keeping the hat on but removing the shoes when entering a room; writing from right to left, etc. The women seldom appear on the street, and when they do they are invariably veiled. A Muslim considers it almost an insult to be asked in regard to the health of his wives. On making a visit at a Muslim house the visitor must not get impatient if he has to wait at the door, as the women who may happen to be in the room generally betake themselves to an inner room before the visitor is admitted. If one wishes to visit a Mohammedan, the visit must always be made before sundown, otherwise his host's displeasure is easily incurred. Nearly all Mohammedan places of business are closed at sundown.

The great number of Jews crowding the streets of the city and the numberless little shops kept by Jews attract general attention. Two long locks of hair hanging down his temples always distinguishes the Israelite. Many of the Jews are poor, living mostly on gifts sent them by friends in Europe, for whom they in return offer

up prayers at the Wailing Place, or at other prescribed places of prayer.

Of late years Jews have immigrated to Palestine in great numbers, many coming from Russia and Roumania, where they have been persecuted. Several rich Jews in Europe have done much for their poorer brethren in Jerusalem. Roths-



A WATER-CARRIER OF JERUSALEM, WITH GOAT-SKIN WATER-BOTTLE.

child's Hospital cares for large numbers of the sick. There are about seventy Jewish synagogues in Jerusalem.

Among the Christians, the Orthodox Greek Church, with the Czar of Russia as its head, is the strongest. Many of the largest monasteries and schools in Jerusalem belong to the Greeks. It is the great rival and enemy of the Roman Catholic Church. A great number of Orthodox Greek pilgrims from Russia and Greece visit Jerusalem during the Christmas and Easter festivities. Nearly all belong to the laboring classes. They are exceedingly dirty and repulsive.

The Roman Catholics are fewer in number. They also have many schools, monasteries and other institutions, and are a better class of people than the Orthodox Greeks. They have several houses for pilgrims where visitors are kept free of charge for a certain length of time, irrespective of nationality or religion. Our Protestants might well follow their example in such works of charity.

One of the first places I visited after returning to Jerusalem was the Wailing Place of the Jews. In earlier times the Jews used to bewail their misfortunes in the old Temple Place, but since the building of the Omar Mosque, several hundred years ago, they have not dared to lift up the voice of sorrow there. They are now in the habit of assembling near an ancient wall believed to have been built by Solomon. They gather, on Fridays especially, in great numbers.

It is a touching sight to see them as they stand knocking their heads against the wall, weeping and wailing for a Saviour to come. Following is part of their litany :

Rabbi : For the palace that lies desolate,—
People : *We sit in solitude and mourn.*
R : For the walls that are overthrown,—
P : *We sit in solitude and mourn.*



THE ANCIENT MULBERRY TREE UNDER WHICH ISAIAH WAS SAWN IN PIECES AT THE COMMAND OF KING MANASSEH.

R : For our great men who lie dead,—
P : *We sit in solitude and mourn.*
R : For the priests who have stumbled,—
P : *We sit in solitude and mourn.*
R : For our Kings who have despised Him,—
P : *We sit in solitude and mourn.*
R : We pray thee have mercy on Zion !
P : *Gather the children of Jerusalem !*
R : May beauty and majesty surround Zion !
P : *Ah ! turn thyself mercifully to Jerusalem.*
R : May peace and joy abide with Zion !
P : *And the branch of Jesse spring up at Jerusalem.*

Having plenty of time at my disposal, I strolled about, visiting places of interest, according to my own inclinations. This is far more enjoyable and, as I think, more profitable than paying five to ten dollars a day for the privilege of trotting around at the heels of a tourist agent, and having only just so much time allotted for each point of interest. Unless one travels privately with his agent, he must follow the party he has joined, and go out sight-seeing whether he feels disposed or not. This short, business-like sight-seeing takes away the charm. I made frequent short excursions with a gentle-

man from Genoa, who always carried a camera, with which he snapped up pretty views as we went along. One day we walked around the city walls and then descended the slopes of the valley of Hinnom down to the Pool of Siloam, and thence across to Aceldama (Field of Blood).

On the way we met some fine camels and a bunch of pretty Arab girls that we took with us in our camera. The girls

had no objection to being photographed. In fact they seemed to enjoy it, for as soon as they saw us produce the camera they began chattering gleefully and assumed graceful poses. For a cent or two, or for a worthless brass ornament, these Arabian beauties will sit for hours to be sketched, and will offer thanks in the bargain.

We also met a long line of Jews climbing the hill just outside the Temple walls.



MOHAMMEDAN LADY SMOKING A WATER-PIPE (NARGILEH).

We took their pictures without their permission, and without their suspecting our purpose. What fine forms and what striking countenances! Surely these people are descendants of a noble race. Will the Jews ever come back into full possession of the Fatherland? Many Jews have come to Palestine to locate during the last few years, and it is said that Rothschild seeks to buy the country from the Turks.

The Valley of Hinnom, which we descended, separates Mt. Zion from the Hill of the Field of Blood, and is historically known from the fact that it was here Moloch was worshiped, and children were sacrificed. It is related that during the sacrifices drums were beaten and much noise was made so as to render it impossible to hear the cries and moans of the children in the red-hot arms of Moloch.

The Aceldama is a barren hill without any buildings (Matt., xxvii. 1-10). There is a house in ruins, supposed to have been built by the Crusaders, which was used as a burial place for the Armenians in 1841. In a grotto in the south-east part of the ruins a large number of human bones can be seen. In the year 326, or thereabouts, the Empress Helena caused a large amount of earth taken from Aceldama to be shipped to Rome where it was deposited in the Campo Santo Cemetery, near St. Peter's Church.

Quite near Aceldama we find "Job's Well." The Catholics believe that the Israelites concealed the "Holy Fire" in this well during their captivity, and that Nehemiah on his visit to Jerusalem found it. The well is 123 feet deep. The mason-work is still in a good state of preservation.

At the well my Genoa friend saw a pretty little miss of about six summers whom he wished to photograph. She was playing with her little companion and was all unconscious of the fact that her beautiful little face could be of any interest to a photographer. We asked

her to perch for her picture on a large stone in front of the well, but she declined. We offered her a liberal *backsheesh*, but still, to our great surprise, she declined. This little incident is remarkable in that it was my first and only experience in Palestine where the promise of *backsheesh* did not at once transform the most sulky and unfriendly Arab into the most obedient servant. Arabs are exceedingly greedy for money. *Howaja, backsheesh! Howaja, backsheesh!*" (Mister, a gift!) can be heard in all places and at all times.

Not far from Job's Well we find St. Mary's Well. It is related that the Virgin Mary once drew water here with which to wash her Son's clothes, hence the name. To enter it we passed by the remains of a small mosque. As we entered we descended sixteen steps, when we reached a level space. Fourteen steps more brought us to the water, where we found quite a number of native women washing clothes. They were all barefooted and very scantily clad. This spring is remarkable in that it flows at regular intervals only. There is a reservoir in the rock supplied with a natural syphon. When the reservoir is just full enough, the syphon draws the water out. Thus little streamlets fill, and the syphon empties the reservoir regularly from one to five times a day, as the seasons vary.

A passage has been hewn through the rock from Mary's Well to the Pool of Siloam. The oldest of all Hebrew inscriptions was found at the entrance to this channel. It states, among other things, the length of the channel (586 yards) and that the workmen commenced working from both ends. The Pool of Siloam is 52 feet long and 18 feet wide. It is now partly filled with rubbish. The water has a salty taste.

Passing the lower Pool of Siloam we came to an old mulberry tree where the prophet Isaiah suffered death at the command of King Manasseh. His body was sawn in pieces while he was still living.



NOVEMBER.

*P*ENSIVE and sad, beneath the tossing boughs,
Brown-eyed November tarries now to weep.
Her tear-drops, dripping on the crisp, dry leaves,
Hush all the hidden daisy-buds to sleep.

*Her robe of blotched and faded somber hue
She gathers closely round her shivering form,
Unheeding that its tattered, trailing folds
Can scarcely serve to shield her from the storm.*

*The dull gray clouds drift slowly, coldly on,
Above her pale, wan face; while plaintive sighs
Float, wailing, through the naked forest aisles.
From out her path each startled birdling flies,
Seeking a fairer friend; while at her feet
A wet and withered rose reproachful lies,
And whispers, "Ah, the summer days were sweet!"
And, with the low-breathed whisper, faints and dies.*

Mary Morrison.



THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION OF WRITERS.

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY HAIRE.

THERE is little effort to give impetus to literary work in America by organization, therefore the Western Association of Writers, which has existed and held annual meetings in Indiana for eleven years, deserves more than a passing notice from the student of American literature. It is a healthy society, and enrolls among its members men and women not only of promise but of noble fulfillment.

Eleven years ago a few ambitious Indiana writers agitated the idea of a society of writers. The pioneers in the movement were Mrs. Marie Louise Andrews, J. C. Ochiltree, Dr. James Newton Matthews, Richard Lew Dawson and Dr. W. H. Taylor. These people were all contributors to the Indianapolis *Herald* in the winter of 1885-6, and the idea of a writers' association was made public through its columns. The matter was also discussed in correspondence, with the result that a call was finally made to all writers whose addresses could be obtained, and it appeared in the Chicago *Current* of April 3, 1886:

To the Literary Profession:

A call is hereby extended to all writers of verse and general literature, and especially to the writers of the Wabash Valley and the adjacent States, to meet in convention in June, 1886, at the city of Terre Haute or Indianapolis, Indiana.

The call also stated that the objects of the meeting were "to form an association of the literary profession for mutual strength, profit and acquaintance; to discuss the methods of composition, and all topics pertaining to the advancement of literature in America; to produce and publish a representative volume of the Western authors from the miscellaneous poems, stories and sketches read during this convention or festival."

The response to this call was

cordial, and Indianapolis was indicated as the preferred meeting-place. On June 30, 1886, in Plymouth Church, in that city, seventy-five writers met, and over a hundred poems and stories were read as their contribution to the occasion. There was a fine public entertainment given, at which the most prominent writers appeared. Much enthusiasm was felt and shown, and the Association was inaugurated under the most favorable auspices. Maurice Thompson, the poet, was the first president of the Association, and James Whitcomb Riley was on the executive committee. Maurice Thompson was also the second president, and the roll of chief executives during the eleven years is made up of such names as Hon. Benjamin S. Parker, Dr. John Clark Ridpath, Hon. Cyrus McNutt, Dr. W. H. Taylor, Hon. Thomas B. Redding, Prof. A. W. Butler and Dr. W. H. Venable.



PROF. JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

Three volumes, or souvenirs of the annual meetings of the Association, have been issued, representative collections of verse and prose. The books are finely printed, and cover the meetings up to 1892. Since that year no volume of the results of the meetings has been issued. All the annual conventions, with the exception of one, have been held at Winona Park, an assembly ground near Warsaw, Indiana, somewhat on the Chautauqua plan. This place has come to be regarded by the Association as home, and, when convened there, the sessions are better attended than elsewhere.

Indiana still furnishes the greatest number of members to the Association, but there are many representatives from Ohio, Illinois and Kentucky. Other States, as Missouri, Michigan, Kansas, California, Nebraska, Colorado, Dakota, and Wisconsin are represented, also Canada.

Indiana is, however, the hearth to which the "Genius of the Pen" has been most warmly welcomed. For this there are several reasons, but the chief one is the admirable educational system of the Hoosier State, which sets before the child of the farm-laborer and of the quarry-man fragments from the feasts of the Muses, and gives them psychological problems along with the Fourth Reader and "sums in long division." The centralization of the school system of the State, about 1873, was the beginning of an epoch in the history of the literary output. The educational forces then brought to bear have produced a set of people in their prime who have literary aspiration. They not only aspire but imitate. At that date composition, sentence-building and paraphrasing began in the primary schools of every sort in the State, and the tangible result is that Warsaw gathers in every year, to a literary meeting, a number of people who began twenty-three years ago to tell things, and who now are certainly fair writers on things they see about them.

The mechanical forces are theirs by training, and they have also studied form. In the past thirteen years the course laid

down for the guidance of the teachers of Indiana, in the Indiana Teachers' Reading Circle, and for the children, in the Indiana Young People's Reading Circle, has thrown into every farm-house and byway a vivifying influence. What a conscious influence the list of books of these two circles must be in life! Who can wonder, after an examination of the lists, comprising the best works on psychology, literature, education, logic and civil government, that many of the papers read before the Western Association of Writers strike the stranger with a sense of intellectual force and of virile power that is little short of amazing?

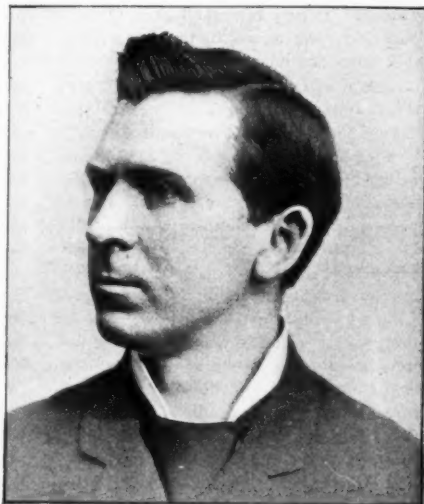
The educational seed that has been sown during those years since 1873 fell upon a fertile soil. The Hoosier temperament is fervid, and not that of the Buckeye State, nor of the people from the State of Illinois. It is at once impressionable and spontaneous. The Hoosier is a creature of many elements, the blood in his veins being a subtle mixture and according to his locality. There were French settlements near Brookville and Vevay and along the Wabash in isolated sections. German settlers are everywhere, and the English settled Vincennes. The people of the Eastern States moved in their parallel to the counties north of Indianapolis. Voices call from the past with every glance at the map of Indiana; from New Amsterdam; from Dunreith and St. Maurice; from Geneva and DeKalb; from New Albany, Rensselaer and Normandy; from La Fontaine, Marey and Lorraine; from Boston, Montpelier, Fairfax and Trenton.

Even in those names of places christened long ago there is seen that poetical trend of the Hoosier mind. Who would not dwell in Spiceland? Here is a goodly place to be—Delectable Hill; and Azalia suggests a flower-like spot of dreams. Solitude sits upon the prairie, and Richwoods invites the singer to wander. Ossian recalls to him the deathlessness of literary fame. Ingleford bids him homely welcome, and Don Juan proves

that Byron had an admirer "far from the madding crowd."

Indiana, as a State, is given to writing. More people write poetry there than in any other State in the Union. The Writers' publications during the past few years have coddled the idea that genius is only another name for hard work. The Hoosier hears this and he despises not effort. He is a working character. In the last two decades Indiana has seen a hundred or more men and women who toiled, who actually performed manual labor in the daytime and burned the midnight oil in the noble ambition of becoming a contributor to American literature. And this has not only bred a great strength but a literary atmosphere which is not appreciated nor understood. They are breeding singers and tale-tellers in the State of Indiana, and the Twentieth Century will have the benefit of a literary atmosphere that has no parallel on the globe. The thing is, however, attracting attention because it demands attention, and the school of Hoosier poets, led by James Whitcomb Riley, Benjamin S. Parker and Maurice Thompson, can no more be denied an existence than can the school of Hoosier painters which has forced its recognition upon American art circles.

The Western Association of Writers means much to the Indiana literary worker. It is a practical feast of the favored of the Muses, a tangible communion with the like-minded of humanity which never fails to stimulate and to cheer. The annual meetings at Winona Lake are not expensive affairs. The railroads give reduced rates, the hotels furnish accommodations at the assembly ground, and the facilities for camping-out are provided, so that the frugal-minded may combine an economical vacation with the literary pleasure to be derived from an attendance on the sessions of the four days' meeting. The annual meeting is the Mecca of all literary workers in the



PROF. A. W. BUTLER.

last days of June and the first ones of July. It is the simplest of meetings; there is no banqueting, no reveling, and the wit and humor is not due to wine. Bacchus is not known in this Arcadian place. It is a feast set which might be presided over by Minerva, and the pursuit of literature means to these people something unmixed with so-called Bohemianism or profligacy in any form. To the initiated, this method of celebrating a literary festival is full of significance.

With the election of Dr. W. H. Venable to the presidency of the Association, the Ohio interest became stronger and a new element was introduced. The majority of the men and women in the body are too broad-minded to wish the organization to remain sectional. The greatest step in the direction of universalism was taken, however, when, at the election of 1895, Dr. Venable took the chair as chief executive. He has already enrolled, for the Association, a list of the best writers of Southern Ohio, they being in full accord with his ideas of the development of a broad literary culture and an individual interest in all efforts to

promote literary interest in the Middle-West. In the affairs of the Association the president has taken the most lively interest, believing it a great factor in the development he hopes to see and has always forwarded in Cincinnati.

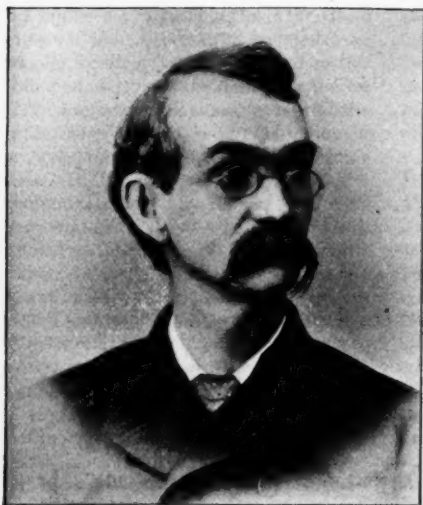
A charming house on Mt. Tusculum, near Cincinnati, is the home of Doctor Venable and his family. The charming personality of the man endears him to a large circle of friends. His monument, and a contribution to his State of inestimable value, is the work, "Beginnings of Literary Culture in the Ohio Valley." To this Doctor Venable will soon add a volume bringing down the history of the literary movement in that section to the present day. He has published a number of other prose works: "Footprints of the Pioneers," "Let Him First Be a Man," "Tales of Ohio," and "History of the United States." The year 1896 will see completed a historical novel, "Blennerhassett." Three volumes of graceful and musical verse are among his contributions to literature, and he is, without reservation, the most widely known of Cincinnati literary men. At

the recent convention of the Association, Doctor Venable read a masterly paper on "The Literary Outlook," in which he took the most optimistic views. To the interest of the paper was added all the grace of a polished delivery, and much eloquence.

A strong character of the Association is Prof. A. W. Butler, a man perhaps better known to the scientific world than to the literary. He writes, however, on the topics connected with literature as well as anthropology, zoölogy and kindred subjects. He lives on a farm near Brookville, Indiana, and is one of the most faithful workers for and believers in the Association.

There is no more notable character, no more marked personality, in attendance at the annual meetings than Hon. William Cumback, the Indiana politician, orator and writer. He has been a great man in his State for a quarter of a century, is popular, a clear and forceful writer, and, on account of a remarkable magnetism of manner, a fine lyceum speaker. In appearance, Governor Cumback proclaims his success in various fields. The Western Association of Writers has had in him a wise counselor and a warm supporter. A large volume of his lectures and addresses, edited by Doctor Ridpath, the historian, has recently been published.

In the front rank of the supporters of the Association is that man of scholarship, Dr. John Clark Ridpath. He was, for many years, president of the De Pauw University. His books and articles have made him famous among scholars throughout the world. These are: "Popular History of the United States," "Cyclopedia of Universal History," "History of Races," "Life of James G. Blaine," "Life and Works of Gladstone." He is a constant contributor to the best American magazines and is a man whose practical experience is of the greatest value to the members

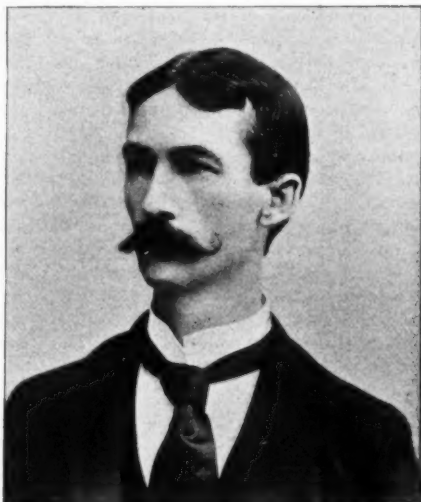


DR. W. H. VENABLE.

of the Association. Like Mr. Riley, Doctor Ridpath has made literature pay. His income from his pen, within the last few years, has reached the comfortable figure of \$14,000 a year. He is a man unaffected by his fame or his prosperity. He lives at Greencastle, Indiana. At the session of July 3d he presented a paper on the subject, "Is History a Science?" Doctor Ridpath gives his best efforts to these meetings, work carefully prepared and an example to all literary workers who have not achieved his famous renown.

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley has become such a prominent figure in American literature that it is with a feeling of admiration that the unassuming attitude of the man at the last meeting of the Association was noted. It was as nearly as possible one of self-effacement, and yet of genuine interest and attention. Mr. Riley was present at most of the sessions of the meeting, and sat among those who had inaugurated the movement with him eleven years before. He was as if those years had not given him immortality and denied it to others. The Indiana people are proud indeed of his poetry. It is to them the vital voice of all they live on the "every-days," their common life,—that which thrills them, stirs them, inspires them. They have felt it all, but he has told it all with that inimitable art which no one grudges him, because—O privilege blest!—he, too, is a Hoosier! They will allow fame of this sort, too, to the old man, Benjamin S. Parker, because he has been singing of Indiana life and its rural phases longer than Riley.

It is not to be supposed that the Hoosiers have been feasting on all the best that English literature can serve them for the past quarter of a century not to know real poetry when they hear it. They are proud of Maurice Thompson's verse—his sonorous bugle-notes from woodland haunts and his pipings in Arcadian glades—but Riley has put poetry into every-



JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS.

day life in Indiana, and even the boy seeking "The Ole Swimmin' Hole" feels his actions idealized by those lines. Here is a wise poet. He stays in his congenial atmosphere. The world goes to him there, as witness "The Flying Islands of the Night," and other bits of verse other than dialect; but all his subtle local coloring and word-painting of his time and customs—that is what will make James Whitcomb Riley one of the never-forgotten.

It would be hard to find in the Association a more interesting personality than Benjamin S. Parker. He might be one of the characters in his own poems or in one of Riley's. He is a typical Hoosier, and a striking combination of simplicity and culture. He is a journalist, a poet, and no mean critic. He has been United States Consul to Sherbrooke, Canada. Some of his efforts have appeared in the *Century* magazine, and he has published the following books: "The Lesson and Other Poems," "The Cabin in the Clearing," "Hoosier Bards," and "Rhymes of Our Neighborhood." It is said that he is about to issue a volume on the

poets of Indiana. At the meeting of the Association Mr. Parker was on the program for a poem on the evening of June 1st. Instead of presenting one of his own poems, Mr. Parker read a production by the young colored man, Paul Dunbar, whom the Association discovered when they held a meeting in Dayton some years ago, and whom William Dean Howells has lately discovered to the extent of some columns in *Harper's Weekly*. This poem, "W'en de Cohn Pone is Hot," received the applause it well deserved, but the audience would not let Mr. Parker off until he had given them something of his own. So, with his simple fervor and emphasis, he gave them one of his word-pictures of rural life—and real poetry it was.

Enrolled on the membership of this Association is a name that forever honors the organization. It would be superfluous to say more than a few words concerning Gen. Lew Wallace, for where in America is there a school child unfamiliar with "Ben Hur" and "A Fair God," or who is uninformed on the career of the author? As soldier, scholar, statesman,

diplomat, novelist—he has won fame in each field. He is to-day the most conspicuous figure in New-World literature. In General Wallace the Association has a strong supporter and writers of Indiana a generous and helpful friend.

A man who has contributed much to the success of the Association is Dr. James Newton Matthews, of Mason, Illinois. He was one of its founders and is among the most popular writers of the West. He has been given high rank as a poet by competent critics and his work has every indication of true genius. Doctor Matthews is a modest man, but his volume of poems, "Tempe Vale," proves him a master of technique and that the high position given him in the company of American poets is not only justly deserved but will be sustained.

There was a poem—"Barbara"—read at the July meeting, the work of Dr. David Starr Jordan, but read for him by Professor Butler. Doctor Jordan is president of the Leland Stanford University, of California. He had accepted an invitation to read a paper at the meeting, but a day or two before the date he received a Government appointment. Then he sent the poem, which was one of the really good pieces of verse presented.

A meeting of the Association, at Winona Lake, brings the student of literature into close association with a hundred men and women who have written books of poetry. Prominent among these is Eugene F. Ware, widely known by the *nom de plume* of "Ironquill." Mr. Ware is a distinguished member of the bar at Topeka, Kansas, and his volume of poems has had a wide circulation. He has also been favored by fate with a magnificent appearance, and is a man of brilliant conversational powers and great originality of thought.

W. W. Pfrimmer, of Kentland, Indiana, is a man well known as a humorous and sentimental lecturer, an educator and a poet of no mean



JUDGE ALFRED ELLISON.

degree. He has published a volume of dialect poems entitled "Driftwood," which has been favorably received. Mr. Pfrimmer is one of the Association's warmest friends, and is always elected to some position on the official board.

Captain Lee O. Harris, editor of the popular *Home and School*, is a writer of high merit. A prose fiction, "The Man Who Tramps," and a book of refined verse, "Interludes," are his contributions to Indiana literature.

The papers read at this meeting of the Association were, to one not before in attendance at the meetings, surprisingly strong, showing remarkable facility of expression, besides a high degree of scholarship and critical ability. The general expression of the older members, however, would tend to the idea that the meeting of 1896 was not above the average in the quality of the papers presented. A most practical paper was that of Mr. G. R. Williams, editor of the *Indianapolis News*. "Methods of News-gathering" was the subject chosen by Mr. Williams. In it he detailed, with incisive and accurate clearness, the collection and management of news by the press associations of the United States. That such admirable and practical papers are courted and appreciated by the Association speaks well for the educational possibilities seen in it by the executive officers.

One of the members of the body is Judge Alfred Ellison, of Anderson, Indiana. He is a good writer and speaker and an able lawyer. His oratorical powers have earned him an enviable reputation, and he is a member of that coterie who are known in the State as the "intimates of James Whitcomb Riley."

Judge D. P. Baldwin is another pioneer friend of the Writers, and at the late session read a strong paper. He is one of the most cultured men of the State.

Joseph S. Reed, of Sullivan, Indiana, is the author of a book of poems and adds



LAWRENCE MENDENHALL.

much to the pleasures of the Winona meetings by a genial and hearty interest.

Col. Coates Kinney, of Norwood, Ohio, author of the famous lyric, "Rain Upon the Roof," is a member of the Association, as is also J. Soule Smith, of Lexington, Kentucky, who, as "Falcon," contributes to the press such keen and brilliant reviews and sketches.

The Ohio element, headed by Doctor Venable, made a brilliant showing at the meetings. Mr. Lawrence Mendenhall, of Cincinnati, presented on the morning of June 30th, a strong paper on "Early Literature of the Miami Valley." Mr. Mendenhall is a business man with a strong literary tendency. His father, Dr. George Mendenhall, was a writer of medical books, and on his mother's side he is descended from Thomas Maule, mentioned by Hawthorne in his "House of Seven Gables." Mr. Mendenhall has been quite successful as a story writer, and has had work accepted by a number of leading magazines.

Other Ohio writers on the programme were John Uri Lloyd, author of "Etiodorpha," that work which has given its

writer an international reputation; Dr. Lawrence C. Carr, a leading physician of Cincinnati; Mr. R. Ellsworth Call, an able scholar and authority on college affairs; Dr. John M. Crawford, ex-consul to St. Petersburg, who translated the "Kalevala," and who is a finished writer, speaker and litterateur, and F. F. Oldham, a leading lawyer of the Queen City. Mrs. Julia C. Aldrich, of Wauseon, and Mrs. Eva Best, of Dayton, were also listed for poems.

Mrs. May Wright Sewall, of Indianapolis, is a warm friend and advocate of the Society and a firm believer in its purposes. Mrs. Sewall's splendid reputation as a writer and lecturer has won her an international reputation, and her position at the time of the World's Fair, as president of the National Council of Women, has given her a prestige enjoyed by few women in the United States.

One very pleasant feature of the Association is that it recognized, as early as its beginning, the truth of the saying, "There should be no sex in literature." There are a number of women in the body who are earnest workers, more who

are aspirants to enter the ranks, and not a few who claim only strong literary tastes.

Perhaps the most successful and best known is Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, of Hoopestown, Illinois. She is an Ohio woman, a graduate of Granville College. On her marriage she moved to Illinois. The "Romance of Dollard" gave Mrs. Catherwood a front rank among the women writers of America, although all her books have been well received.

Mrs. Alice Williams Brotherton, the Cincinnati poetess, is also a member of the Association. Mrs. Bessie Woolford, called the "Poet of the Ohio River," was on the program for a bit of verse.

Among the names of women writers on the list of members of the Association are Miss Mary E. Caldwell, Mrs. E. S. L. Thompson, Ida May Davis, Mrs. Hannah Davis, of Dakota; Miss Evalene Stein, Mrs. Minnie J. Boyce, Mrs. Elizabeth Hiatt Gregory and Mrs. Elora Stearns Venter.

The Owl Club is a unique society, "for the purposes of relaxation," connected with the Association. Its sessions begin after all others are ended and continue until the "wee, sma' hours," when the professional writer is only supposed to burn midnight oil in his pursuit of bread and butter. The Owl Club furnishes an outlet for the fun, wisdom and repartee in this company of brains. And the cultivated Hoosier is capable of much humor, much wit and laughter.

Viewed as a whole, the Western Association of Writers deserves the attention and the commendation of those eminent critics and scholars who profess to be on the alert for signs of the times in regard to the future literature of America. As it stands, it is without a parallel in the history of letters, and, in creating a literary "atmosphere," it certainly has been a success.



MRS. MAY WRIGHT SEWALL.

The Midland's Fiction Department.

MOUNTAIN LAUREL.

BY LEIGH GORDON GILTNER,

Author of "A Diana of the Sage Brush," in the March MIDLAND.

HELEN BURNETT was wont to recall, with no small degree of luxurious self-commiseration mingled with some very real regret, a little "episode" in her life which had occurred when she was a trifle younger,—and more than a trifle cruder, she would have told you.

Though she would not have admitted it, there was in Helen's composition a strong vein of something akin to romance, which had been fostered during her earlier years by the constant and eager perusal of literature of a highly-wrought and fervid character; and which a later assimilation of authors of the modern school, realists, sensitists, pessimists,—the more pessimistic the better,—had

been wholly unable to eradicate. Though Helen thought of herself as decidedly "advanced," and jeered pitilessly at emotions of a tender nature, there lurked deep down in her inmost heart a secret belief in the potency of love,—the intense, undying, highly dramatic affection celebrated by the old-fashioned poets and novelists; and it was this belief that had led her to dignify the little affairs of her girlhood to rather an absurd degree.

In each of the many little flirtations in which, like other young and pretty girls, she had engaged, she had hoped to find the realization of her dreams—the incarnation of an ideal by no means paltry; and, in each instance, had at once pro-



LEIGH GORDON GILTNER.

ceeded to invest the other party to the affair—usually some crude and commonplace youth—with all the attributes of a hero. Naturally, this was rather a strain upon the mediocrity of Helen's youthful admirers, and the highly dramatic situations Helen had a peculiar faculty for bringing about, together with tragic misadventures, frequent quarrels and tender reconciliations to which she treated them, usually had the effect of reducing them to a state of complete bewilderment. By the time, however, that this consummation had been reached, Helen would have discovered that the youth in question was not "the only man she could ever love"; the little comedy would have been played out; the curtain would have been rung up on a cast of characters wholly new, and another equally worthy—or unworthy—object would have been elevated to the pedestal that was inevitably and invariably one of Helen's stage properties.

It was not, however, till she met Carroll—hardly a fit subject for apotheosis—that she had been sufficiently interested to lose sight of the dramatic possibilities of the situation,—so far as in her lay,—and to give herself up wholly to what would have been a very sweet and tender attachment in a nature less impersonally interested in its own workings.

It happened, one summer more than a year ago, that Helen, quite worn out by the rush of her first winter in society, went to see a school friend who had married the superintendent of a large coal-mining interest in a little mountain town in Southern Kentucky. The denizens of Hillsborough—rather to Helen's disappointment—were not the uncouth, unlettered creations of John Fox and Charles Egbert Craddock. They differed in slight degree from the inhabitants of other small towns remote from the larger cities; but to Helen, whose whole life had been spent in cities, and whose idea of the country was derived chiefly from the ornate suburban residences of her father's friends, village life (and perhaps the village characteristics were a trifle pro-

nounced and exaggerated in Hillsborough) was a decided novelty.

The young girls of the town, overcoming the awe inspired by Helen's Redfern toilets, lost no time in calling on her; and, on the Sunday afternoon following her arrival, a bevy of gallants—a trifle sunbrowned and rather ill at ease as to the disposition of their hands and feet, yet otherwise differing little from the men she met in town—came to do her honor.

That evening, by preconcerted arrangement with her hostess, Dick Carroll, the manager of the mine in which Mrs. Parkhurst's husband was interested, came to take her to church. Helen rejoiced in Carroll as a type—a type of which she had read in the stories of Mary Hallock Foote and Wolcott Balestier, she told herself. He was certainly a strong, picturesque figure, even in the unobtrusive business suit he wore, and Helen's fancy at once clothed him in the traditional blouse, top boots and broad felt hat which she regarded as the habitual accompaniments of men connected with mines and mining.

There was a sort of rugged ease in Carroll's manner, and Helen observed with a feeling of relief amounting to gratitude, that he offered her his arm, instead of grasping her own between the wrist and elbow, after the manner of the village druggist, who had taken her for a stroll the day before. But, in spite of the romantic interest with which she invested him, she was not wholly blind to an occasional lapse in grammar, and when at church he joined lustily in the singing (led by a wailing reed organ and conducted by an earnest and perspiring brother who occasionally missed the pitch), Helen was conscious of a slight feeling of annoyance. For a moment the memory of the beautiful, impressive service of her own beloved "Calvary" at home crossed her mind; but Helen was determined not to mar the pleasure of her visit by invidious comparisons and suppressed the thought as in some degree disloyal to her friend. She interested herself in the sermon, vigorous

if crude; in the people who in kindly fashion came up to greet her after service; and in Dick's rather labored conversation on the way home, though she was conscious of a wish that he would tell her something of the strange, wild life in the mines, instead of indulging in inanities about the weather and perfunctorily inquiring what she thought of Hillsborough.

However, she felt her patience in some degree rewarded when, later, Carroll said suddenly, "You have never been in a coal mine, I suppose, Miss Burnett?" — Then, turning to Helen's friend, who sat with them on the shadowy porch, "Why couldn't you bring Miss Burnett over to the mine to-morrow, Mrs. Parkhurst? We won't be busy, I guess, and I'll be glad to show you 'round."

"Well," answered Mrs. Parkhurst, tentatively, "if you think Will wouldn't mind —"

"Oh, Parkhurst won't care," said Carroll readily, and when Helen added an eager "Oh, Lottie, do let's go!" Mrs. Parkhurst, who really had no valid reason for refusing, consented.

The following afternoon Helen came down dressed for her ride, looking trim and stylish in her dark, close-fitting habit, her irreproachable collar, and "four-in-hand" tied with truly masculine skill, her severe high hat and entirely correct riding-boots and gloves. The conventional riding-dress in Hillsborough was a flowing dark skirt, an anomalous waist, and any sort or condition of hat, varying according to the whim or disposition of the rider, from a yacht cap to a dress bonnet. Lottie's outfit was a sort of compromise, the silk hat being replaced by a soft felt traveling cap of her husband's, which looked a trifle incongruous with her tailor-made habit.

When they reached the mouth of the mine, where Carroll was waiting for them, Helen could hardly repress a cry of delight in his appearance. Nothing could have been more perfect, she told herself. There was the dark blue blouse, slightly open at the throat, the fustian

trousers, half-hidden in the high top-boots, and the slouch hat he doffed as he came to help her dismount was the one thing needed to give the finishing touch to his costume. She felt like applauding, as she might have done the entrance of some favorite actor in a particularly successful make-up; and her dramatic nature reveled in the strong, picturesque figure with its thoroughly harmonious setting — the high, steep hills in the background, the open shaft yawning beside him, and the grimy miners swarming about him like the chorus in an opera.

If Helen was pleased with Carroll's appearance, it was certain that he was equally charmed with her own — though it could hardly have been on the ground of its harmony with her surroundings, for in spite of the strict suitability of her attire, Helen's blonde fairness was as much out of place in that rugged scene as would have been a rare bit of cut glass amid the coarse furnishings of a kitchen table.

Lottie, with amiable self-abnegation, proceeded to efface herself, leaving Dick free to devote himself to Helen. It was not without some trepidation that Helen entered the yawning cavity, looking a trifle gruesome even in the light of the bright June day; and when in the sudden darkness she felt a strong grasp on her arm, and heard Carroll's voice in a reassuring murmur, a delightful thrill of dependence went through her.

Down in the mine Carroll was at his best. In the weird half light of the miner's lamps, with lurid shadows falling on his handsome face, he looked like a painting by Rembrandt; and as he explained the processes, in language simple, yet vivid and strong, Helen forgot to observe certain little idiosyncrasies in his speech; and grammatical lapses that ordinarily would have grated upon her, now passed unnoted. Even when they went up again to the light of day the glamor had not quite faded, and with rather more than her wonted graciousness she granted Dick permission to call on the following evening.

The next afternoon Dick's sister and a friend, Miss Duckwall, called on Helen. Nellie Carroll struck Helen as possessing all of Dick's imperfections, without his redeeming picturesqueness. She was essentially commonplace and unrefined, and Helen observed at once that she was making a minute mental inventory of the details of her costume. Miss Carroll talked in a high, nasal tone, quite monopolizing the conversation, to which her friend (a delightfully pretty, simpering little creature, in a muslin gown and much-beflowered hat) contributed only an occasional convulsive giggle. She, too, covertly studied Helen, who was sure both girls could have given a graphic description of every detail of her dress, the arrangement of her hair and the disposition of her draperies, at the end of their lengthy call, which Helen found a trifle fatiguing. However, the disagreeable impression caused by this interchange of civilities had faded by the time Dick came that evening, and was only faintly renewed when he asked for a trite, popular air that was her special detestation, after she had sung for him, in her beautiful, cultivated soprano, the Schubert's "Serenata" and a quaint old English ballad with an exquisite setting.

The days went by swiftly and, in the main, pleasantly. The kindly housewives of the town vied with one another in entertaining Mrs. Parkhurst's city guest, and numerous invitations to "spend the day" and to "come to tea" poured in upon them. Dick Carroll was almost a daily visitor at the Parkhurst cottage, and when Lottie's husband returned from a business trip he chaffed Helen unmercifully about the conquest she had made.

Hillsborough was unusually gay that summer. There were church sociables and parties innumerable, to all of which functions Dick escorted Helen; church suppers, at which the young ladies of the congregation, in impracticable aprons of Paris muslin adorned with bows of blue and pink, served to those misguided persons who were present for "sweet charity's

sake" collations of sour strawberries and half-liquid ice cream. The parties were even more of a tax upon Helen's urbanity. There was no dancing at these entertainments, and the guests, seated in couples about the four walls of the room, indulged in conversation that was only interrupted when some local musician was led, blushing and protesting, to the ubiquitous parlor organ, there to render, in a voice quite free from any attempt at cultivation, some worn-out popular song of the day. Another feature of these affairs was the singing of a male quartette, upon which musical organization the Hillsborough people looked with a rather questionable feeling of pride. The leader of the church singing "carried the air"; the village druggist, a meek, lisping little man with a small, piping voice, was the tenor; the baritone was completely inaudible and therefore inoffensive, and Dick, alas! enthusiastically "sang bass." He would come out strong upon the last two words of each phrase, in insistent iteration and a deep, sepulchral voice that made Helen shudder and did more to dispel her illusions concerning him than any atrocity he could have committed.

But Helen tried heroically not to smile at the crudities of the social conditions of Hillsborough, remembering the kindly attentions that had been showered upon her as a guest and the hospitalities that were freely offered to her, a stranger in their midst.

Each day brought her increased strength and new pleasure; and the long walks with Dick beside the narrow river, or up the steep mountain paths were all strangely, sweetly novel to her. Her flirtations, heretofore, had been carried on in crowded drawing-rooms, or brilliantly lighted ball-rooms, where tender speeches were likely to be cut short by the approach of importunate partners; but here, under the open skies, high upon some grassy cliff overlooking the turbulent little river that scolded and fretted in its narrow banks, the little town lying beyond, picturesque in this remote perspective,—here, indeed, each word had a new and tender value,

each glance was fraught with a meaning new and strangely sweet.

One day, in early June, there was a picnic at a lovely, ideal spot, on a cliff far down the river, and all Hillsborough was in attendance. The young people went in a large wagon, drawn by four sturdy mules, and driven by a loud-voiced, facetious young farmer, whose flashes of wit called forth screams of laughter from the gay crowd, massed together in a shrieking, chattering Babel in the huge wagon-bed. Helen had heard with dismay of this arrangement, being extremely averse to noise and crowds; and she could have showered fervent blessings on Dick when, on the appointed day, he drove up in a dilapidated barouche—the one carriage the local stables afforded—and suggested that they, with Mr. and Mrs. Parkhurst, should drive out together. Dick was amply rewarded by the evident pleasure of the ladies, though Mr. Parkhurst's humorous allusions to "a purely family party" brought a flush alike to Dick's brown cheek and Helen's fair face.

Dick drove very slowly, so that when they reached the picnic grounds they found the others already there. The ladies were beginning to set out a substantial if not dainty lunch, and the men were feeding a fire, over which old Mrs. Davis, the village oracle and newsmonger, had hung a coffee pot on two crossed sticks, in a most delightfully gipsyish fashion. Dick and Helen were soon in the midst of the crowd and, to her secret dismay, Helen soon found herself shrieking and chattering as loudly as the rest. Nellie Carroll seized upon her with a sort of possessive, half-patronizing pride which Helen was at a loss to understand, and which secretly annoyed her. To escape this, she offered her services to old Mrs. Davis, who received her with marked cordiality and at once began to comment with much freedom upon Dick's evident infatuation.

"I was tellin' Jim, last night," she remarked, "that I never seen nothin' to equal it, Miss Helen. Lucy Duckwall is jest nowhere, and I reckon it aint very

strange, for she can't hold a candle to you. Dick's been keepin' company with her for more'n two years, but he quit off all of a sudden when you came, and Jim 'lows it serves her just right—frisky little piece!"

Helen flushed angrily. What right had these people to interest themselves in her affairs? What did she care for commonplace little Lucy Duckwall and her rustic lover? He was nothing to her—nothing? She stopped with the fierce denial on her tongue, and Mrs. Davis, noting only the girl's flush and evident confusion, made her own deductions, which she afterwards summed up concisely for the benefit of her husband, the long-suffering "Jim,"—"She's pretty hard hit, I reckon."

"Helen," called Lottie—to Helen's intense relief—"come to lunch." And Helen went, mingled feelings of anger, resentment and self-contempt struggling in her breast. After lunch, the young people showed a marked disposition to stroll off in couples, this way and that, leaving the elders to gather up the dishes and repack the baskets; and when Dick came to ask Helen to stroll with him farther along the cliff, she was tempted to refuse, seeing Mrs. Davis' keen eye upon her, and catching sight of Lucy's piteous little face; but she did not like to seem ungracious, and she had no excuse to offer. Something in Dick's manner as they moved away made her feel vaguely uncomfortable. The mental atmosphere seemed charged with electricity that might at any moment concentrate itself, and Helen began to wish she had stayed with Lottie. Suddenly she stopped. A laurel tree, covered with faint pink, waxen blossoms grew on a little rise above them.

"How exquisite!" she cried, involuntarily; and Dick, gazing at the fair, upturned face, inwardly echoed the exclamation. He sprang up the ledge and broke great branches of the lovely, fragile blossom; then, laden with the blooming boughs, he came down to where Helen sat like a Dryad "up to date," in her pretty organdie and quaint "picture hat."

As he stooped to lay the blossoms in her lap, their hands touched for an instant; a sharp thrill shot across Dick and communicated itself to Helen. Their eyes met, and Helen was angry, disgusted, that she felt her lids droop, her face flush violently and her heart begin to beat as it had not done since the days of her first boy-lover. Dick was painfully embarrassed and his effort at an easy, commonplace remark was hardly a pronounced success. As for Helen, where was all her vaunted tact, her social grace and skill? She was angry with herself that she could only sit there silent, blushing like a silly school girl,—she, with her nineteen years, her winter in society, her summer at Bar Harbor,—trembling like a rustic Phyllis before an ardent Strephon. Dick stood leaning against the ledge, looking down at her, so charmingly pretty in spite of herself in her confusion, until at length he found voice to say, rather unsteadily:

"Miss Helen, I reckon it's no use to tell you what you already know. I never loved any woman in my life as I love you, and if you will only—"

Helen sprang to her feet. "O, don't, don't!" she cried.

He caught her hands and held them firmly.

"Please listen to me, Helen," he said.

"You don't suppose I don't know how little I have to offer; but I love you dearly, Helen, and I'll do my best. Helen, don't you care for me a little? Surely you must, dear." He could not go on. Helen stood motionless, frightened, breathless, yet not angry—not even displeased. What did it mean! Did she care for him? She tried to picture him on the streets of her native city—out of his own environment—but she could only see the eager, loving face so close to her own.

"I do not know—I—" she faltered.

"Helen, try, do try to love me! I love you so, so much; my darling, my love—"

He lost himself in tender incoherencies, drawing her closer and closer till his breath swept her cheek. Half resisting, half yielding, Helen let herself be drawn

into his embrace, until she felt him press a passionate kiss upon her cheek. Then she tore herself away and stood facing him, bewildered, uncertain, distressed.

"Oh," she panted. "I did not mean—I am not sure. Please, please let me go!"

But Dick was intoxicated with the first draught of love's sweet wine, and he only caught her to him, holding her close and kissing her again and again. Helen was stunned—bewildered. She hardly knew whether she was angry or glad. She only longed to escape—to fly back to Lottie—to free herself from this masterful clasp. The romantic pleasure she had found in her other love affairs was wholly wanting in this. It was so sudden—so violent—there was no time for self-analysis and dramatic effect. It was rather too intensely realistic to be altogether agreeable, though Helen was aware of a strangely sweet quality in the affair, which no other had possessed for her. She freed herself again from Dick's encircling arm, and stood irresolute, not daring to lift her eyes to his. Very gently Dick drew her to a seat upon a grassy knoll and sank down beside her.

"Look here, Helen," he said earnestly, so earnestly that she forgot to be critical of his English, "I didn't mean to say all this to you at first. I know I haven't got much to offer a woman—such a woman as you, anyway; but I couldn't help loving you, and I couldn't help telling you so. If you'll marry me, Helen, you shan't regret it. I know I can take care of you and I know I won't be a poor man always. Helen, won't you give me a chance—won't you promise to marry me?"

Helen sat looking across the river at the little town sleeping in the afternoon sunshine—her future home perhaps—she thought. Then a vision of her own beautiful home crossed her mind—but, somehow, to-day it came to her that all that richness and beauty would seem poor and plain without love. And—she—did—love—Dick.

"Helen," whispered Dick softly, "will you trust me?"

"Yes, Dick," she answered, very low. And so it was settled.

Later, Helen and Dick joined the others with an air of elaborate unconsciousness that deceived nobody. Mrs. Davis cast at them a knowing glance for which Helen could have struck her; Lottie nobly seconded Helen's efforts, ably suppressing her fun-loving husband who yearned to tease her; while poor Lucy Duckwall looked as if on the verge of tears. The ride home was rather a silent one, in spite of Will Parkhurst's gay sallies. Lottie dramatized a serene unconsciousness of the fact that Dick was driving with one hand, while the other held Helen's,—in which polite delusion the teasing Mr. Parkhurst was with difficulty induced to share.

That night as Helen and Lottie sat together on the moonlit porch, Helen turned suddenly and announced dramatically—

"Lottie, I am going to marry Dick Carroll."

"No, my dear, you are not," said Lottie serenely. "You may think so now, but it wouldn't do. Your father will have something to say in the matter, and besides, you would never be happy in Hillsborough and you would never be happy with Dick."

"I can't see why," said Helen, rather resentfully. "I am very fond of Hillsborough, and I am sure I care a great deal for Mr. Carroll."

"Oh, Helen, Helen, dear,—can't you see what I mean? It's all very well for a month or two in summer, with moonlit piazzas, romantic rambles and a nice little flirtation to occupy your mind. But fancy, Helen, the whole year through,—a round of household duties, no gaieties,—except the sewing-circle and the weekly prayer-meeting,—no theaters, no social life, a cramped and tasteless home, and a husband who says 'those kind' and persists in regarding 'year' and 'mile' as invariably singular nouns!"

"Never mind, Lottie, you'll see," said Helen bravely, though she inwardly winced.

"Exactly; I'll see," said Lottie, with philosophic composure.

The next day brought Helen an invitation to "spend the day" with Dick's mother, and Helen dutifully went. She gazed with interest at the neat cottage which she tried to realize would be her future home, and she tried to return with sisterly cordiality the effusive greeting she received from Nellie Carroll, who opened the door to her and went to call her mother.

In the interval that elapsed, though Helen tried not to take stock of the furnishings, the details of the pitifully crude room thrust themselves upon her. A glaring Brussels carpet, in which greens and reds strongly predominated, adorned the floor. In the center of the room stood a marble-topped table, on which lay the family Bible and a copy of Thomson's "Seasons," flanked by a lamp with an ornate china globe and a bit of red flannel (placed there with decorative intent) floating in the bowl. On the mantel was a lambrequin of machine-embroidered plush, in a crude olive, surmounted by four vases of assorted styles and sizes, two large sea-shells, a china lamb, and a glass globe of wax roses. One of the vases held a bunch of parti-colored artificial flowers, while another contained a huge bouquet of dried Pampas-grasses. On the walls were two ghastly crayons in cheap silvered frames, representing an aged and ill-favored couple who Helen devoutly hoped were not Dick's parents. Above the mantel hung another silvered frame, containing what Helen found to be an obituary poem surmounted by a dove—the whole, as announced in large type at the top, "in memoriam" of Dick's father. A parlor organ stood in one corner of the room, while in another was a bureau, decorated with numerous crocheted mats and beribboned toilet bottles, and looking strangely out of place amid the respectable haircloth chairs and sofas. The room had a damp, mouldy smell, and Helen's spirits sank as she sat on the stiff, uncomfortable sofa, trying to get out of the range of those dreadful portraits.

Presently there entered a sharp-featured, elderly woman, whom Helen was a sinking heart recognized as the original of one of the portraits, and whose face was flushed and heated from preparing the dinner, the fumes of which were then filling the house. She wore a dark-colored gingham dress, made in some semblance of the prevailing style, but setting oddly upon her thin, high-shouldered figure; and the hand she extended to Helen seemed to the girl pathetically rough and work-worn.

"Howdy-do, Helen," said Mrs. Carroll, in a sort of catarrhal snuffle. "I am real glad you came 'round to-day. Dick's been telling me about you, and I reckoned we'd better get acquainted."

Mrs. Carroll wore a set of artificial teeth, very much in evidence, which gave her an appearance almost ghoulish, and which reminded Helen painfully of the terror of her childish days, — a shark's head which grinned at her from a taxidermist's window.

"Thank you," said Helen, rather faintly, "you were very kind to ask me."

"Law, no," said Mrs. Carroll, looking more than ever like the shark as she smiled; "not at all. We haven't got much, and I reckon you're used to better, but such as it is you're welcome to it. I told Dick I hoped you wouldn't be standoffish and hold yourself above us; but he said you weren't that kind."

Helen murmured a polite, if rather incoherent, disclaimer.

"I was sorter set on Dick's marrying Lucy Duckwall, to tell the truth," the mother went on. "She is a nice, good girl that would make any man a good wife. She sold forty-odd dozen eggs last summer, and dressed herself on her egg and butter money. But Dick always did look high, and I don't know as I blame him. I reckon you're highly educated and right accomplished, aint you?" Then, as her eye fell upon the luckless organ, a desire to test Helen's capabilities took possession of her.

"Couldn't you play us a tune?" she asked.

Poor Helen went to the screechy, reedy instrument and struggled through "Rock of Ages" (at Mrs. Carroll's suggestion), reinforced by Nellie's blatant alto and an obligato by a key that stuck down, and wailed dismally throughout the performance.

Dinner was served in a bare, carpetless room, with paper of a glaring, hideous description on the walls. On the table, which was covered with a turkey-red, figured cloth and set with a flowered ironstone service, there was crowded every vegetable in season in lavish profusion. Nellie, flushed and fluttered, waited at table, loading Helen's plate and pressing the viands upon her with genuine Kentucky hospitality. After the meat course Nellie passed pie, which Helen found was supposed to be eaten without change of service, and it is to her credit that she helped herself with the same grace with which she would have partaken of an entrée at a Pendennis Club dinner.

After dinner, Nellie brought out for Helen's inspection the family album, a vivid crimson plush affair, containing pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, of Jim, the son who was "out West," of Sallie, the eldest daughter, who had married and was living in Indiana, of Nellie herself, and of Dick at all ages, from a tintype representing him as a round-faced, sturdy little lad, to the one he had had taken for Helen, and which she had secretly destroyed as exaggerating his defects and exhibiting none of his picturesqueness.

Presently Mrs. Carroll joined them, and Helen spent a bad quarter of an hour. She and Nellie, with evident relish, hashed up for Helen's benefit all the gossip and scandal, both old and new, that was afloat in Hillsborough. Every prick of Nellie's needle in the red and white pillow-shams she was embroidering typified a home-thrust at the character of some acquaintance; and with the completion of each of the scallops in the thread lace Mrs. Carroll was knitting a reputation vanished. They seemed to Helen

full of "envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness." She was glad when she could leave them and return to Lottie. When she found a telegram awaiting her, summoning her home at once to join a party of friends who were going to the seashore, it was in the nature of a relief — an escape — to her. She dashed down street to the telegraph office and wired her father —

Expect me home to-morrow (Thursday) night at 10 o'clock. Tenth and Broadway station.
Helen.

Then she hurried back and, sinking wearily down on the porch steps at Lottie's feet, said sadly, "You were right, Lottie; I can't marry Dick, and I'm going home to-morrow."

That night, at a rather late hour, Dick called. He was a trifle pale and his hands were full of the mountain flower Helen was fond of.

"They told me down town you were going away, and I've come to say good-bye and bring you these. I thought you might like to take them with you." He held the flowers out to her and stood looking wistfully down at her.

"Thank you," she said. "It was good of you to remember."

"You are really going to-morrow, Helen?" he asked.

"Yes, Dick. I must."

"Then when are you coming back? When may I bring you home, Helen? Don't let it be long, dear! It will be so lonely here without you. You don't know how I love you, little girl."

He looked so strong, so earnest as he stood there, that Helen wondered uncomfortably if perhaps *she* were not the unworthy one.

"Oh, Dick," she cried, stretching out her hands, while the blossoms fell unheeded at her feet, "it was all a mistake. I can never marry you. I shall not come back — ever. Try to forgive me, Dick!"

He took it so calmly that Helen felt a twinge of something like disappointment.

"Very well, Helen," he said quietly. "You know best. I won't urge you to

marry me if you don't care for me, and I'll try to take my dismissal like a man. I guess I won't see you again."

"No, I leave in the morning." She held out her hand. "Good-bye, Mr. Carroll; you have been very kind to me and I have made you a poor return for all your goodness. Good-bye."

If she had been disappointed at his lack of emotion she had nothing to complain of now. He tried to speak but he could not. He stood looking down at her, his strong, dark face drawn with the effort to control himself, and a look in the gray eyes that brought tears to Helen's own. Suddenly he caught her in his arms with a sort of sob that frightened Helen, and kissed her again and again. Then he slowly stooped and picked up a spray of the mountain laurel and placed it in Helen's hand.

"Keep it, Helen, for my sake," he said. "Good-bye, dear; I shall never forget you!"

The next day Helen went home. In spite of herself, the remaining summer months were happy ones. There were moments, when she was tired or perhaps a trifle cross, when she would dignify the situation by imagining that her heart was aching for Dick, and she fell into the way of attributing her moods to this "secret grief." Certain it is that she refused at least three eligible offers during the ensuing winter without other apparent reason.

Lottie's letters at first made frequent mention of Dick, who, she said, seemed to be "taking it very hard"; but, as the winter wore on, Lottie spoke of him less and less often, and it was only on occasions when she was out of sorts or in a discontented mood that Helen herself thought of him. She spent the following summer at Bar Harbor and, when she came home in September, the society papers were full of her rumored engagement to young Vantine, of St. Louis, which was formally announced a week or two later.

One night, shortly after her return home, Helen received a letter from Lottie

Parkhurst, full of kindly sentiments and all good wishes for her future happiness.

"I have a bit of news for you," Lottie wrote. "Dick Carroll and Lucy Duckwall were married at Jellico last week. You would never recognize Dick now. He has become very stout and grown a beard; and Lucy is as pretty and happy a little bride as you could wish to see. I congratulate you, Helen, no less upon your escape from what would have been a most unfortunate match than upon your approaching marriage, which I am sure will be a happy one."

Helen laid down the letter and stood

for a moment gazing straight before her, turning absently upon her finger her glittering engagement ring; then suddenly she turned to her desk and took from an inner drawer something which she held in her hand for a moment before she cast it into the glowing grate. There was a sort of appropriateness—an "earth to earth, dust to dust" quality in the action that appealed to Helen's keen sense of the fitness of things; and her satisfaction in this, with perhaps the secret consciousness that Lottie was right, outweighed the little pang with which she saw crumble into ashes a withered spray of mountain laurel.

A POET'S BIRTH.

ONE morn, within the spirit world above,
A new-born Soul lay at the feet of God;
Love lingering near beheld the infant there,
And with a glad smile clasped it to her breast,
And then on mounting wings outspread upbore
The tiny form where Harmony is king,
And new-born music charms the rapturous air.
Joy welcomed her and, stooping, kissed the Soul
That lay in all its purity and peace
Within her arms; then o'er the sleeping strings
Of Heaven's harp her fingers lightly swept,
Till one by one there climbed the chords of sound
The melodies of nature pure and sweet,
Until the quivering silence, drenched with song,
Flooded to echoing distance far and near.
The infant Soul looked up at Joy and smiled,
And closer nestled to the breast of Love.
Despair and Gloom then touched the harp of gold,
And from it wailed the low, sad strains of woe,
That filled the Soul with darkening shadows chill.
Then Passion touched the strings and echoes woke
And thrilled it with a wild intensity
That generated sparks of living fire,
Which, smouldering, waited there the breath of life
To fan them into flame.

Fair Truth uprose
And stamped her seal upon the golden harp,
Then gave it as a birthright to the Soul;
And all the choristers of Heaven sang
A gloria that reached the throne of God;
Its swelling waves, vibrating to and fro,
Swept o'er the harp-strings of the Soul until
The song celestial echoed from its depths.
Then Love her burden bore from realms of Light,
And as through space she took her downward flight,
This mission breathed into the new-born Soul —
To play again upon its harp the strains
Of heavenly symphony it caught above.
She wrapped it then in fleshly swaddling clothes,
A blessing gave and left it to its fate;
And Time marked on his scroll that selfsame hour
A Poet's birth.

Lillian Barker.



A DRAMA OF DOODLEBUGS

BY RUBY ROSSER.*

Leave the cliffs that overlook the river and the misty forests, steal back through the valley, past the springs and the great chief's grave, and you will find yourself at the foot of a steep, rocky hill. The oaks rise, tier above tier, upon it, and among them great sand-boulders outline a winding path. It will repay your following. A little way up in a break of sunlight there rises a flight of old wooden steps, moss-grown and wide. Here a landing just clears the top of a straight young oak,—another flight, another rest, and yet another.

Not till the last landing is reached can you know what awaits. If you turn, the sweep of the world below and the sun above is a joy too great. Go on. Ahead of you, on the level hilltop, stands the dearest, the quaintest, the loneliest of all the world's caravansaries.

It stands three stories high—a great, square house of white-washed logs, with two wide halls dividing it, each quarter a house in itself. Overhanging all is the roof of crumpled, weather-beaten shingles. Wide piazzas stretch lazily all around—the upper one with criss-crossed railing and drooping roof. Huge latticed casements swing back from the yawning doors, and sunshine and whitewash are over it all.

Sleep reigns here also. On the rugged rock walls around the hilltop and down its side straggle and doze groups of white Angora sheep. The place seems deserted by keeper and guests.

Yes, it is the Land of the Lotus, and the golden dust is blown abroad. Year after year they come who know and love the Valley; whether they are tired or strong, sad or glad, they come and pitch their tents among the trees. Those who

ALMOST within touch of the clattering, common-place world it lies, just as it has lain for centuries,—the Happy Valley,—the Sleepy Valley. The whispering current of a wide Western river loses itself in it, and stretches of oak forests and miles of almost impassable hills shut it in on all sides. And in the heart of it there is rest. There is an everlasting hush among the great trees, and the tops of the red-rock hills smile back, in their sleep, at the sun. Everything is asleep. The clear air wavers as you look across the miles, and falls in blue mist in the forest hollows.

Deep down in the shady stretches below there break and bubble wonderful medicinal springs. Years before the man was born and his disease named they waited there. To their clear upspringing came the silent-footed deer and the creeping Indian. The great chief, Monegaw, claimed the region as his own,—and lies now asleep in his sleeping kingdom.

In the early part of this century a few proud families came out from Virginia to the river-banks and, with their faithful retainers, made a quiet colony. But the cruelty of war crept even here. All that is left are the scattered stones and a little burying-ground, lost in a lonely thicket.

*Awarded the prize in the July 1st Story Competition.

have joys too deep to tell steal in in silence, and those who have sorrows too deep to bemoan creep in and are still. They lose themselves in the shades, and from above the blue spiral of the camp-fire's smoke is all that may be seen; a guitar tinkling to a slumber-song is all that may be heard.

Half-way between the great War and now, the Valley was given to its divinities. Far to the west, on the plains, the border warfare of the first years of strife had aroused and agitated a spirit that would not be downed.

A number of bandits — rebellious, daring and devilish beyond all former outlawry—had set the States a-tremble. They raided, robbed and burned, and then with their plunder slipped away, leaving the outraged civilization aghast at their cunning. They found the quiet Valley through the impassable hills, and for three years made of it a hiding-place.

There were sheltered tethering-places for their horses, a royal welcome at the old hotel, and adoration on all hands. Those who came were only a part of the band, but were its leading spirits,—three brothers and a few confederates. Before the glitter of their keen eyes and the clank of their spurs the simple-minded Valley-folk bowed down in silent wonder. Even Nature favored their schemes and movements. Above a wide, brown pool of the Little Monegaw a narrow path led up to an overhanging sandstone cliff. Vivid green moss silenced all around the low door with its velvet touch. Once inside the Cave there leads a rugged, tortuous cleft through the forest ridge to the cliffs above the greater river.

A man's outstretched hands might at once touch both cold, black walls, but, high above, the cavern lost itself in darkness. There were side-caves and cracks and snaky paths that led away up and down; and all was icy-cold and breathless.

Before the coming of the Outlaws the Valley Children crawled and slid around in the gloom. As they came back to the

sunlit world outside, all the opening of light was full of blue haze, and they had to stoop to get out under the low ledge. Then the heat and the smothering light overcame them and they lay among the dry oak-leaves and panted and laughed. Now the place was sacred to the great Presences, and they dared not venture near.

Back of the hill, and all together, the slaves of the old times had chosen their place and still held the quiet voices and reverential manners of the Past. There, also, were the Valley-gods adored. Among the little cabins there were endless stories of the mighty daring of Marse John, Marse Cole and Marse Hank. They were told with bluster and bravado in the daytime and whispered with shivering at night.

The proudest thing of all was when old Aunt Hannah displayed the tiny window-pane where Marse John had scratched his name and that of his rustic sweetheart. And he had given the girl the glittering stone with which he cut it, when he put her on his horse to ride away.

At the only other habited spot, the old hotel, there were always the best rooms at their disposal and hurrying and scurrying and cooking without end.

At this time a strange child haunted the low-ceiled kitchen and the shadowy halls. A bound-girl she was, to help old Mammy Mizzoury with the pots and pans. A bound-girl! If you found fetters for the mountain wind, bind her you might, not else. Like the wind, whence or whither, no one knew.

The old inn-keeper, Mist' Greer, and his straight, gray wife, kept mostly in the front of the house, and the Valley-folk made their visits always in the great kitchen. Here Mammy Mizzoury ruled her satellite by love of cookies and by fear of her huge iron spoon. "Unc' Gawge" always had to bite his frost-bitten old moustache to keep from laughing aloud at the child's antics. He brought, in their season, the savory products of the gardens back of the hill. Mizzoury, in her occasional whirlwinds of

wrath, called the girl a "Gobble-un" and a "Yimp." Unc' Gawge, to vary the monotony without affecting the meaning, suggested that she was an "Elk." But "Gobble-un" she was to the end of this chapter.

She was a sturdy, sunburnt child, with tawny, glinting hair. She was straight-shouldered and very brown, with the smooth warm brownness of bisque. When her eyes were dull gray they jarred with the other tones of her coloring and she was commonplace. Sometimes they were green, and she was weird; again they were topaz-yellow, and then, for a moment she was beautiful.

Her duties were numerous. She waddled like Mizzoury, sneezed like Unc' Gawge, mocked Mist' Greer, and occasionally fed the chickens. Her chief occupation was thinking. She thought upon everything all the time. She often poured the water into the fire instead of into the great iron pot. She had been known to hang saucers upon nails, and when they crashed to the floor she was surprised and sorry, but always went on thinking. Sometimes she thought of Heaven, and again of Heaven only knows what. But the end of it all was usually a plan of how to get most quickly down into the Valley and to the Boy. He waited for her always, and they thought their thoughts aloud to each other.

The Boy was the other Valley Child. To be sure, there were little dark forms among the cabins, but they were pickaninnies, not children. He was the son of the old relic-finder, who set up his lodge of branches at the first sign of summer, but stayed the long winter through at the House on the Hill. It had been a dull, dragging winter for the "Gobble-un" and the Boy. Since late fall the Bandits had not been seen, but news came of them, even here.

Once a week, as the lowering twilight set in, the mail-carrier came from the outer world. Mist' Greer sat in state in the public-room to receive him. There was an ancient mahogany desk rising in solid gloom from the bare floor. There the

leathern mail-bags were thrown and their contents inspected by Mist' Greer, the silent woodman and a mournful individual known as the Bathman. Down in the Valley there was a primitive bath-house, set high on piles, above the sand. The Bathman carried, season after season, the sulphur water from the springs to the great black kettles outside the house. Their incessant seething and bubbling had steamed all the stiffening and ambition out of the poor man. These three read eagerly all they could find concerning the raids and successes of their heroes.

While they talked them over, the "Gobble-un" sat in the dusky corner and listened with wide, unseeing eyes. But the Boy gathered up the scattered papers and went away across the room. Near the window stood a relic of the old days—a quaint barber's-chair with a "wobbly" back and a high foot-rest. Here he climbed and in the fading light he read and read.

It was sundown of a day in early spring, when, hunted, hounded, followed, but never found, the Outlaws rode into the Sleepy Valley. They left their tired horses in a sheltered roadside thicket and toiled wearily up the flights of steps. The "Gobble-un" in the wide hall, saw them enter; saw that they were as straight, as swarthy, as adorable as ever. Then she and all the household set to work for their royal entertainment.

And now, at mid-afternoon of the next day she was at last free. They had gone to some of their old haunts, and she might not catch another glimpse of them till night. She must find the Boy. He had gone with his father to cut blocks at the deserted whetstone quarry up the river and to search the banks for jagged arrow-heads and strange pink shells. They had been gone three days and did not even know of the arrival. She paused on the top landing and breathed her warm little body full of the palpitating air. How much she had to tell him—how much to ask him of the Valley wonders!

So many things he answered her. When or how he found them out, she did not know. She thought of it as she stood there. He showed her the curious woody points of the huckleberry bushes on the rocks, the pink satin lining of the tiny toadstools, and the notches in the leaves of the ivy-vines. He showed her a newly-blossomed butterfly unfurling its wings, and taught her to whistle like the mountain birds. Most wonderful of all one day, when his father had killed a hideous copperhead snake, they bent over its writhing body, and he showed her that it had four tiny nostrils instead of two, and that each metallic scale was ridged and seamed. "An' whenever a snake's that-a-way," said he, "his sting's certain-sure death!" In two things only had he failed to satisfy her, and these she wished most of all to know,—“Death an’ Doodle-bugs,” she whispered over and over. “I must know about Death and about Doodle-bugs.”

The Doodle-bug question had puzzled her for a long time. Under the points of the sandstone cliffs and in sunny, shallow caves, high above the river were the Doodle-bug colonies. They were, at least, what the Valley Children called Doodle-bugs, not, perhaps like those of the children of the outer world. Doodle-bugs, like beliefs, are personal and individual things. In the soft, dry sand, worn for ages from the rocks above, were long stretches of tiny funnel-shaped whirls. For hours the patient children stooped above some chosen group and called, in pleading cadences, “Doodle-bug, Doodle-bug, Doodle-bug!” But they never came out from their hiding. Long after the Boy had grown tired, and sat looking down at the river, she caressed the brown sand with her browner cheek and called and called. Sometimes the Boy dug up the larvæ-like object, that lay always at the down-turned funnel’s point, but beyond that it was the color of the sand and always stupidly asleep; they knew nothing. She wondered always “why” and “why.”

The other puzzle she had taken up but

lately. In the first warm days they had broken through the tangle of the burying-ground, back in the woods, and traced with trembling finger-tips the names on the rude head-stones. She asked him many things of the people who had died,—“Who?” and “Whence?” and “Whither?” and always “Why?” But these he never answered her. She thought of it all on the upper landing.

Half-way down, the wind in the top of the young oak whistled at her and woke her. “Whoo-oo-who” she mocked it, with her chin in the air. She ran the rest of the way down. “I’m a-comin’, dear Boy, I’m a-comin’!” she called.

The Boy watched for her in the road below. As they went together among the century-old oaks, she told him all she had waited to tell. She did not notice that he was unusually silent, with his brows drawn tense over his blue eyes. Just so much the more time to tell of Marse John, Marse Cole and Marse Hank.

When they came to the bridge over the Little Monegaw, she did not stop, as was her wont, to look into the water below. It was a strangely graceful bridge, built on piles that ran far up each bank, and were each a giant oak in the rough. Near one end stood the deserted booths of last summer, covered with rustling brown leaves. When the children came near the foot-path that led away to the burying-ground the Boy put out his hand and caught hers. He did not wish to be put through the inquisition of last week. There was a strip of sunlit common to cross that was stirring with new life and heavy with warm, earthy smells. Last year they had spent long hours here, with their heads on the sandy soil, hearing the grass grow and tiny earth-things awake. The Gobble-un had a favorite road hollow and the Boy’s domain had been the loose clods at the foot of a tall iron-weed.

“They’re our worlds an we’re the God’s to ‘em,” the girl had said. They were forgotten now, though one of his world’s favored creatures—a scarlet fleck of a spider—caught the Boy’s eye as he

passed. Another mile of forest, and the trudging pair reached the cliffs. "We'll see about the dear Doodle-bugs first," she said. She usually had her way, so the Boy followed along the cliff's edge, keeping his eyes always back toward the scrubby oak woods. He was not yet ready to look out and on.

There was a somewhat precipitous path at last, by which they got down. A slide, a leap, a step and another slide, and they were then only half-way down to the river, and the tree-tops were still far below. Here the sun struck full and a path led among boulders and jutting ledges. On the faces of these the names of all who had loved the Valley for years were scratched and cut. Then there were caves and niches in the walls, where wild animals used to creep and glare, and where little "possum" tracks lay thick in the sandy trails. In the sand-stretches the Doodle-bug colonies lie silent summer after summer. Had they come back,—those fascinating whirls? The Gobble-un could scarcely wait to see.

She slid over the last, mossy slope—leaped a yawning crack and came with a thud against a pointed rock. The Boy, a step above, watched her. A whiteness came round her smiling mouth and, creeping up, paled her eyes. She saw a rent in her coarse, blue gown, and her pain turned all to anger. She remembered the injustice, the galling bondage, of a time when she had been kept indoors one whole afternoon to mend a like rent. She was up, her lip curling, her teeth set; her eyes were green,—a pale, terrible green. She kicked with all her might at the stone. Her heart turned over in her. The world fell away from her whirling sight. Never thirst, hunger or desire had in their fulfillment such ecstatic joy as went into the final kick from the bruised little shoe. The Boy followed as she turned into the path, but he did not see how she bit her lip when that foot came down.

The Doodle-bugs had not come back. She seemed to have lost her interest in them, anyway, so they toiled back to the

cliff's top and out to the highest point. There were stunted oaks at the back and thin, scattered huckleberry bushes with dried, dusky-blue berries on them. Even at the edge were crisp gray lichens, clinging to the rocks. They sat down and the Gobble-un put her troublesome feet into a crack. She frilled the lichens with tender fingers, and the Boy talked at last.

"I tell you," he burst out, "they're not great!" "Nless you're good er wise you're *not* great! They're jes' strong an' cruel! That's all!"

The Gobble-un's eyes grew wide with horror at this traitorous outburst, but he went on. "Could any uv 'em make Yaller Jane not cry when the li'll Baby died?—Did any uv 'em ever tell you 'bout the Doodle-bugs or why the worl' goes 'round? But I tell you," he cried, with an intensity that made the restless Gobble-un gaze at him, "I'm a-goin' to be great! I'm a-goin' to know! I must get out of this Valley—I've thought of it always, and I must get out!"

They talked long and their hearts beat fast at hopes, undared before. The shadows grew short back of them and they stood up to go home.

"An' one thing mos' of all," she whispered, "'bout Death." He listened, so she went on aloud, "I've got to know that. Where do they go? What do they do?—them all who die? Where does the talk uv' 'em go—an' the smile uv 'em? They don't stay in the ground, I know," she finished, quaveringly. "Then they wouldn't be no better'n Doodle-bugs."

There was a hint of coming night among the somber oaks; there was the oppression of a greater night in their childish minds as they turned homeward. Yet to each other they came as near as human minds may come, and so nearer than many ever come to the Heart of the Whole.

Pinkerton's men were out. Close on the trail of the Outlaws they had followed for days. Two of the detectives

led a band down through the hills and the swift fords into the Valley. Up Country they had been joined by a farmer-soldier, Captain Donovan—called "Dunnivan." His Irish spirit rose to the occasion and he recruited a band of raw, excited youths, from the neighboring farms, and so marched into the wilderness. Another band waited orders up the river. Here in the heart of the forest they had paused, undecided as to their next move, when the children came out into the red-sand road.

Captain Donovan had been in the Valley once, years before. He knew that somewhere a path led up to the hidden steps. The men, tired and discouraged, stood together some distance from where one of the country boys watched the restive horses. What happened just then the wide-eyed children never forgot.

There was a sudden crackle of branches, a voice of command, quick as a saber's cut, a gleam of revolvers swinging into place, and the band was held up by Marse John, Marse Cole and Marse Hank.

In one moment of terror and surprise, all was lost. The trembling hands fell from the weapons at their belts, their very jaws dropped in astonishment. The lithe figures of the bandit brothers and their two confederates swung into line and pressed them up the hill and onto the steps. With lowered, black brows and his thin lips drawn back from his cruel teeth, Marse John gave the quick commands. Not one inch did the trusty revolvers swerve.

The children crept up last. The Gobble-un's faith in her heroes was restored, and she watched Marse John with radiant eyes. But the Boy's face grew more deeply troubled. "Why this?" he asked. "Why? Why?"

The climb was a steep one, at best, and it was a panting, breathless crowd that reached the top.

Before all the batteries of his army life, Captain Donovan had never been so "flustered" as now. Another ringing command, and the hands of the men went up

and down as in a frantic game of "Simon says" before a merciless Simon. Their well-filled belts lay in a shining heap as they marched across the level hilltop toward the house. Here chuckling Mist' Greer and his retinue of "cullahd folks" awaited. A huge, crumbling stump stood in the way of Marse John. Here he halted his prisoners. He mounted the stump and then he spoke.

What he said, they can never tell you,—those "cullahd folks,"—but they laugh when they try to remember. They put their hands to their sides and shake and laugh. They shudder and roll their eyes when they remember some of the things he said. Such a tirade never before broke upon the peaceful place.

Before he had finished, Marse Hank and Marse Cole sent whispered directions to Mammy Mizzoury, who marshaled her forces to the kitchen with mysterious mutterings. The Gobble-un set to work in a very ecstasy of giggles. Word had sped down to the cabins, and there came up willing hands and shuffling feet to join in the work.

To the abundance of food already in store was added savory superfluity. The great halls that crossed their white-washed lengths of logs through the house became the scene of action. The whole west end opened to the porch, with only a rude lattice to bar the late sunlight. Here there had stood for years a massive billiard table of such immense proportions that it was a continual wonder how it had ever been brought up the rugged hill-side. Its days of romp and revelry long over, it stood heaped up with coarse, brown sacks of wool, while the cues drooped in mournful lines on the wall. The shining surface was cleared quickly now, and a splint-bottomed chair, placed upon it, surveyed the line of tables that stretched away across the hall. These tables, laden down with steaming viands, met the eyes of the men when they marched in—still before the leveled gleam of the revolvers.

"Sit down!" clanked Marse John's voice. With a spring he gained or rather heightened his ascendancy and took his

splint throne. Around the tables the other Outlaws still pointed defiance.

"Fall to!" he said, and they fell to.

The edge was soon worn from hunger. They ate on. It became distaste,—they ate on; disgust, still they ate; loathing, yet they might not stop. An oppressive silence fell upon the shame-faced men. If one, for a moment, dared lay down his fork and look up from his unwilling feasting, he saw an ominous gleam and turned to it again. Time after time the dishes were refilled and replaced, and the same command, "Eat on!" or "Drink that down!" was heard, as some one lagged behind.

The darkies trembled in silent laughter around the walls. The Gobble-un sat on the railing that skirted a narrow side entry. Her eyes were dewy and her cheeks burned red with suppressed glee. She had to restrain herself by the gallery-post and by twining her feet in the railing.

The Boy, with slip-shod steps, came down and stopped beside her. His theories had sustained a shock and undergone a change. He watched with new favor the lordly Outlaws. Surely these were men and their cause was just. Else why this triumph.

Make right unpopular, contrary men love it; make it a deformed thing, tender men pity it; make it weak, strong men rise in its defense: but make right ridiculous and all men scorn it. Surely, now was right made most ridiculous. "She is right," thought the Boy; "they're very great."

At the tables strange things went on. One surfeited youth sought to conceal a chicken-wing,—a revolver blinked at him from down the board. The portly Captain in desperation tried to slip under the table's edge to the floor. "Come up!" shouted Marse Cole from the other side. He obeyed with pleading eyes and trembling lips, and found a fresh installment of biscuit awaiting him. One of the detectives attempted to upset back of his hand his ninth glass of cherry wine. Marse John's spur clanked on the polished

mahogany, and he drank it down. "Bring more wine to the gentleman!" The tone was of seeming reproof, and Miz-zoury sidled away into the kitchen. Here Unc' Gawge stood, ladle in hand, by the jar of home-made wine.

"Lawd-o-landy!" she ejaculated, "now dat's all dun gone! Nuffin lef' but elderlyberry wine an' dat pore pale vinger. Lawd-o landy!"

"Nebber yoh min'," he comforted her; "de Lawd he dun pervided wine for richeous feasteses befoh."

Just as the sun went down, the forced revelry came to an end, but when the feasters looked about with stupid eyes the Outlaws were gone.

Before they went down to watch the scattering search, the Boy waited on the steps for the Gobble-un. He watched a great purple star, caught in the gray mists of the west. It throbbed and beat in time to his heart. His throat ached and he was very tired. The Gobble-un came and, standing on the step above, looked at it too. In her intense way she looked straight at it till, after the manner of things thus viewed, it disappeared and she had to turn her head side-ways to see it. Then she saw that the Boy's eyes were full of tears.

"Why," she said with her arms around him and her lips in his soft hair, "why we'll know it all some day!"

The star went out in the dusk.

There was a grass-grown lane between the rows of darkey-cabins. Here the detective party met in full array—they had been joined by the reinforcement from up the river, few in numbers and jaded by the day's ride. The remembrance of the last few hours stung them to desperation and they were on the alert for any action.

On the other hand, this remembrance was fatal to the Bandits. The reaction of success was indifference, and they carelessly lingered in the Valley to make more sure some hidden booty. An overgrown path led most quickly to the desired ford and they took it at the wrong moment.

The sound of their horses' muffled, hurrying feet reached the Children as they crouched in a fence-corner, and they saw that the group of men heard it, too.

"Halt!" cried Captain Donovan. He rode forward, his eyes blazing. "Who goes there?"

The Outlaws rode boldly out and faced their pursuers.

"Ready!" called the Captain, as they drew in line.

"Fire!" whispered Marse John to his followers.

Then came the burst and hiss of the cruel lead. Though the half-dark made aim uncertain, certain death laughed and glared at them, and for a few moments there was merciless and terrible warfare in the little road.

When the last clattering horse went round the turn to the river, the Bandits, breathless and bleeding, drew together and went where he lay,—Marse John, with his cruel, white face in the dust.

Aunt Hannah's cabin had a wide, railed gallery. Here stood a heavy old settee, brought out by the settlers of long ago. On it, as she proudly told, had been laid out Ol' Marse and Young Marse, and there they laid Marse John. They brought some great rude torches that dripped and flared against the railing all night. In the corners huddled the sleepless pickaninnies, fearing to look up lest they should see the face which, from sheer fascination, they had staid to see.

Marse John had gone beyond the hope of the men who sat with bowed heads near him. He had gone beyond the help of the dark-faced weeping women who came with tender, foolish ministreries around him. The Valley-men were afraid of the Presence, and sat in the darkness, on the ground, outside. The Gobble-un, a rigid little figure on the gallery's end, heard their mutterings. They ground their teeth and writhed as their wrath grew within them.

A young negro, a mulatto, who had come into the Valley the year before, had his evil face close to the Boy's and held

him with glittering eyes. It seemed to the watching Gobble-un that the Boy had grown very tall and straight during the night. The mulatto sharpened a corn-knife on a stone in rasping whispers, and then, feeling its edge, he said to the Boy:

"I'll put it through one on 'em by mawnin', Gord hep meh!" The Boy drew out his strong clasp-knife and picked up the stone.

In their sudden, hot hate they did not see the uselessness of following the invaders. Though restless to go, they waited till it should all be over with Marse John.

The Gobble-un's heart stopped when she heard their plans. "He can go to hold the horses," they said, when the Boy stood up. He had other thoughts than of holding horses, but he followed without one look to where the Girl sat. She put her hand to the place where her heart had always tripped along so merrily. She listened with her head bent. It was still. "It is said," she said. "I will ask —"

In the cold morning hush she heard them gathering in the road. By the dull light she saw the horses bowing and scraping impatiently. The light of a hopeless dawn is darker than midnight—it flaunts Life in the face of Death. She heard the last directions given to those who staid. She saw them mount and pause before they dashed away. She crept, cold and dizzy, among the horses, to where the Boy sat, straight and still, with his eyes fixed on Marse Cole's face. She put her cheek against his foot in the stirrup, and said, "Oh, Boy!" The mulatto swore at his horse as it reared toward her. The Boy shook his foot and repeated the oath. Then they rode away—and he did not look back.

There is still silence and sleep in the Happy Valley, and there are mighty, questioning, throbbing things.

There is a common, sordid cabin, where little children with sad, unchildish eyes

ask, "Why?" and "Why?" They cling to the skirts of a woman, and ask her "Why?" Their wants cannot pierce her stolid mind—her dull eyes cannot see. She only says, impatiently, "I dunno—I dunno."

In the world outside there is a place where a man springs up at sudden impulses—and falls back. He cries out and the empty world mocks him. He says, "I must get out! I must get out!" and his frenzied hands beat against prison-bars.



THE YOUNG HOMESTEADERS.

A HISTORY OF FOUR YEARS' LIFE IN DAKOTA.

By FRANK W. CALKINS.

CHAPTER VII.—IN WHICH TOM AND MAISIE ARE LAUNCHED IN SOCIETY.

IN THE days of our Saxon ancestors an exploit at wolf-killing would, in itself, have sufficed to gain social prestige for a young lady. Maisie, at her début, had a mixed though, upon the whole, a delightful experience. The story of her recent adventure,—garnished by Hank Gordon,—and a revival by others of the incidents of the Barrington rescue, wrought the gathering at Howell's to a furore of enthusiasm.

The weather had come off warm and fine, and, with excellent sleighing, the party turned out larger than had been anticipated. Howell had extended a general invitation to the young people of two church societies and to the members of a young woman's club at Marionette. The initiates of the latter flourishing society, the Sissetonwan Club, came in "delegation,"—ten of them in a long covered sleigh, rigged and seated specially for their use, drawn by four smart horses, and with a trusted liveryman for driver. These young ladies declared they wanted no ordinary escort. They were *fin de siècle* girls and quite able to look out for themselves. They arrived at Howell's and were welcomed in time for an early supper, and they boasted of a drive of more than twenty-five miles in less than three hours. Despite their pro-

nounced independence, however, it was noted, at table, that each young woman, by some ingenious arrangement, was paired with a gallant hunter of the morning's chase. More couples arrived from town in due season. By half-past seven, the young folk, and some of the old ones, from Russel's, Gordon's and Gardner's had joined the gathering. Nannie Gordon's piano had been brought over in a sleigh during the afternoon, and there were violin players among the arrivals from Marionette. Thus had distance and difficulties been annihilated, and society was gathered from far corners for music and dancing and conversation. On the whole, it was a gay, intelligent and well-dressed throng which enlivened Howell's large sitting-room and parlor that evening.

Several years before the opening of this history the host had bought his land and built upon it as the expectant head of a quite numerous family. He had, in fact, builded for the occupancy of his widowed mother, her three daughters and two young sons. The mother had fully decided to follow the fortunes of her eldest son, who sought, in Dakota, a larger field for his business enterprises, when an unforeseen event almost at the point of removal upset all her plans. The lady was devotedly attached to her eldest daughter, Miss Annie, and that young lady's sudden marriage and settlement at Burlington

had decided matters. The widow had a home and land holdings of her own near the suburbs of the city, and there she remained to be near her daughter. And so, John James Howell, with a great house, surrounded by verandas, and finished and furnished inside with considerable taste, found himself provided with certainly ample bachelor quarters. He had accepted the situation with a good grace and, by hiring a married pair of middle age,—the wife an excellent cook and housekeeper,—he had succeeded in living comfortably. These capable people, too,—William and Susan Morris,—were devotedly attached to his service.

Thus he felt himself—among his other duties as a citizen of importance—prepared to repay such social obligations as existed in a widely-scattered circle of acquaintance. So much of Howell's family and household affairs was known among his friends in Plateau County. But none of his family had ever paid him a visit, and he did not often speak about them. He visited his mother at her home regularly once a year. As a host Howell was, at all times, as faultless as a bachelor, in quarters, may be. On this occasion, however, the excitement of long, swift sleigh-rides, the rare meeting and recounting of adventures, thrilling stories of the morning's chase, an exhibition in the wood-shed of the trophies,—all this capped by Hank Gordon's vivid, picturesquely worded narrative of Maisie's exploit, was prolific of immediate entertainment and exciting interest.

At about half-past eight o'clock Tom and Maisie drove into Howell's front yard and drew rein under the the lights of many windows. Maisie had recovered, quickly from the shock of her noon encounter. But she and Tom, being Howell's nearest neighbors, had somehow conceived the idea that they ought not to be in haste to appear at the party.

As they got out of their sleigh, a man with a lantern came from the kitchen to take charge of their team. They mounted the veranda. Sounds of gay laughter and the tinkle of a piano greeted their ears.

The upper section of the front door was of glass and, as Tom rang the bell, he saw a boy in knee-breeches and a young girl, evidently his sister, appear in the dining-room doorway, at the farther end of a wide, lighted hall. They hesitated a moment as though in doubt. Tom touched the bell again, and the young people raced each other for the front door-knob. The girl reached the goal first and flung the door gently open.

"Come raight in!" she cried, with her best little courtesy. "We know who yo' aah. Yo' aah Misto' and Miss Hewitt. Ev'y othah body is heah. We—my brothah and I—aah Pa'ke and Ma'tha Russel, and we aah doing the honahs in the hall. Come raight up sta's."

"I know who you aah, foh a long time," said the boy, turning to Tom, as they started to mount the steps, "an' I wisht my sistuh was as brave as yoah sistuh is."

The girl turned quickly, shook a small warning finger, and scowled with childish fierceness at her brother.

"Oh, shucks! Yuh needn't min' now, Sis! I reckon I know *sumpin'*," declared the boy indignantly.

Tom and Maisie smiled at each other appreciatively. Their own childhood days were near at hand.

"We knew of you young people, too," said Tom, pleasantly. "Mr. Howell told us."

"Yes?" said the young girl. "Mama and Pa'ke and I have been with Uncle Lawton and Auntie Jennie foh most a yeah—"

"Shucks!" put in the boy. "We nevuh *have* been heah mo' than six months."

"Raight in this la'ge room foh yoh gahments," said the girl, leading to a room above which had been arranged to receive the company's wraps. She chattered on without regard to her brother's interruptions. "We live at Hicks' fo'd, Vuhginia," she said, "and Mama's health is always ve'y po' so neah the Coast; so we came heah to live till she gets bettah, and she is getting raight sma't a'ready. Now you will please to come down sta's."

And the small mite lead the way with a quite matronly air of social ease and importance,—a bearing which her brother sniffed at in disdain. Tom and Maisie, amused at the little comedy in procession, were conducted to the sitting-room door in due season.

Howell, with a ponderous, well-dressed woman at his side, received them just at the left of the entrance. There was a flush of pleasure in the host's face at the appearance of Tom and Maisie—a touch of excitement in his manner as he shook hands warmly with them and gave each an introduction to Mrs. Gordon. That lady greeted them impressively, even with effusion.

"My dear Miss Hewitt—heard of you so often—so very, very glad, indeed, to meet you, you know. Mr. *Thomas* Hewitt—heard of you so often—so very, very glad,—yes, indeed—to meet you!" The pauses were filled with little asthmatic gasps; her face was flushed as though with fever, and the eyes, straining and intent, searched the newcomer's faces as they might have peered into some newly discovered grotto, seeking for hidden treasure.

During their introduction to this personage, Tom and Maisie, under the light of two chandeliers, became aware of rows of people, both standing and seated, ranged around the walls of the room, and the brother and sister were thrilled with wonder at a kind of hushed expectancy which undoubtedly pervaded the atmosphere. Imagine their astonishment when, at the close of their reception at the door, their host turned to the room with an air of command and the gesture of a band-master, and there broke forth a storm of hand-clapping which fairly took them off their feet!

Tom immediately divined its meaning; he stepped back a pace or two,—as did Howell and Mrs. Gordon,—leaving Maisie, blushing and confused, to face the crowd alone.

"It's for you, my dear," murmured Mrs. Gordon, just loud enough for the girl to hear.

The hand-clapping increased by volleys. More than forty pairs of eyes were bent admiringly upon the girl; more than forty pairs of hands beat together tirelessly. The whole party were aligned about the walls of the sitting-room.

Hank Gordon stood in the open space of a folding-door which led into the parlor and, at his side, a radiant creature of brilliant complexion, robed in shimmering silk. These two led in the prearranged, prolonged and stormy applause which greeted Maisie.

The girl made a pretty picture of surprise and confusion. The blood mounted in rich coloring to cheeks and neck, and her eyes were quickly suffused in poignancy of embarrassment. The pretty head drooped and the small hands were clenched, beseeching relief from a burden of applause which she could not understand that she had merited.

Tom had secretly gloried in her exploit, though he had scolded her roundly for her venturesomeness. She had been convinced, in fact, that she had done, in momentary excitement, something rather unwomanly and foolhardy. Hank Gordon's rough praise had not sufficed—when she had come to reflect upon her escapade—to prevent her from concluding that her whole interest in the hunt had been emotional and unfeminine to a degree; and she had not failed to ask herself with uneasiness what Mr. Howell would think—whatever he might kindly say—of her impetuous performance.

Revulsion of feeling undoubtedly added to her confusion of mind in the midst of this hearty and admiring demonstration so evidently prepared for her. And how determined the party were that she should recognize their greeting. They stormed at her mercilessly. The drooping, blushing girl looked from face to face for a moment, helplessly, beseechingly. Every such pretty and even pathetic appeal wrought a greater furore of hand-clapping.

Then of a sudden the spirit of the girl responded, asserted itself,—pleasurable emotion succeeded and she found grace

enough to bow and smile her response. Then everybody crowded around the young people for introduction. Maisie and Tom, in fact, were quite tossed about in a crowd, and in a few minutes were quite as much at home as though they had for years been favored members of this circle. And the brother and sister fell readily in with the social manners and spirit of the gathering.

Tom and Maisie were not without some efficient training,—five years at a graded school, and the church socials and young people's parties they had attended at their old home, had given them the best advantages which the country about Greenville afforded to young people.

Presently, when introductions and congratulations had been exhausted, Maisie found herself carried away from a chatting group, almost bodily, by the portly, wheezing Mrs. Gordon. "My dear, how could you ever be brave enough to do it?" the lady asked, when she had seated Maisie upon a corner sofa. "The *wolves*, I mean, my dear," and, without waiting for the girl to reply, "Mercy sakes alive! I should 'ave thought you'd 'ave *fainted*,—yes, indeed! Do you know, Nannie says you're the *first* girl she ever heard of who *ever* killed one of the horrid creatures! Yes, indeed, and Hank, Mr. Gordon—that's my husband—says he followed those three—three was it, or two?—more than *five* hours and couldn't kill 'em at all—it's very wonderful, yes, indeed! I caun't imagine it, you know, I really caun't." All this, delivered in a high, cracked voice, between distressing gasps and wheezes, proved most unpalatable adulation to Maisie. But the woman, evidently desirous of making a pronounced impression, had no mind to release her really nervous auditor.

"My dear," she went on, sawing the air with either hand occasionally, "My dear, do you know that this is reelly a very *distinguished* company? Yes, indeed. Only think, there's seven college graduates in this room this minute—yes, *indeed*, there is, reelly. There's Mr. Howell and there's Nannie,—*my* daughter, you

know,—and there's Mr. Jenkins and Miss Bates—she that's talking to Mr. Howell and your brother there by the door, my dear—and she's president of the Sisseton Club—yes, indeed; and she makes *public* speeches, my dear; and there's Miss Burrows a-standing back of Nannie at the piano; and there's Mr. Rankine and Miss Heller at the center-table, looking at a book, you see, my dear; and Mr. Rankine's a *honorable*, yes indeed, member of the Representatives; and there's Mr. Mosbach, that tall man a-tuning of his fiddle beside of Nannie; he's president of the National Bank, my dear, yes, indeed; and he's from down East—from Connecticut—the same as *I* am, my dear. And Mr. Howell is *such* a fine man, don't you *think* so, my dear?"—And the woman paused for the first long breath since she had begun talking, and her straining, watery eyes searched Maisie's face with embarrassing earnestness.

The girl blushed and, knowing it, could have bitten her tongue for vexation. Plainly, Mrs. Gordon was an odd creature, odder than her husband, if possible. Maisie was repelled by her, whereas she had already learned to like and respect a certain rough and hearty wholesomeness in Henry Gordon. She managed, however, to reply civilly that she had thought their host a most agreeable gentleman.

"And just *think*, my dear," the woman went on, "Mr. Howell is the *very first* settler in Plateau County and *we're* the first settlers in Marais County,—yes, indeed. The county line runs *right* between our land and his'n—and his and our lands *join*, my dear, and Mr. Howell and Nannie are *such* friends, yes, indeed. He staid at our house eight years ago last spring, my dear, yes, indeed, while the carpenters was—were putting up his house and—" thus she gossiped on.

Maisie had discovered at length that she was not expected to answer. She felt, somehow, oppressed and disquieted by the woman's intent gaze, by the flushed, purplish face, which seemed to radiate a kind of unhealthy magnetism, and by the ceaseless flow of words rapidly

approaching familiar gossip. She sought relief in watching the lively groups arranged about the room and noted with a thrill of sisterly pride that Tom was talking, evidently at his best, to a number of young ladies near at hand. She could faintly hear his voice above the hum of general conversation and the staccato cackle of her *vis-a-vis*. He was describing the morning's mirage as seen from the heights of "The Breaks," and plainly had an appreciative audience. Then she heard Mrs. Gordon say :

"A real runaway match, yes, indeed,—I was in school, a young ladies' sem'n'ry, my dear, at Ripleysville—and I ran away with him—yes, *reely*, my dear—ran away and married him. Hank—Mr. Gordon—never had my chance of schooling, but he's a *reel* smart man, yes, indeed, my dear; he's done reel well since we come—came here. Do you know, my dear, your hair is *very much* the color of Nannie's—yes, indeed—only yours is reddish brown, my dear, and her'n—hers is sunfish golden—so very beautiful; her par says it's red when he wants to make fun of her; but it aint—it isn't; it's sunfish golden, and very, *very* beautiful, my dear, yes, indeed. Every one thinks so, my dear."

Maisie's sympathy and interest were aroused in the mother's delight in her beautiful girl.

"Don't she play just lovely, my dear?"

"She does, truly," Maisie found opportunity to reply, "and she is very sweet and beautiful, too."

Miss Nannie, seated at the piano, a little at their right, and accompanied by two violins, was rendering a lively air in spirited fashion. Maisie watched the girl's figure in profile with genuine delight. The red gold of the sunfish certainly did describe the sheeny depths of color in Miss Nannie's hair, and the oval curves and creamy tint of cheek and chin, the bright, piquant expression of the face, were things to delight the eye—and how slim and white and finely turned her wrists and fingers were! Maisie could not help wondering whence the girl had

come by her graces of figure, face and manner. Plainly, she had not directly inherited them.

Unfortunately, however, Mrs. Gordon did not stick to the pleasant theme of her daughter's perfections—doting mother as she was; her stock of gossip was too replete. Relief only came from her outpourings through the appearance of Howell himself. He crossed the room from where he had been talking with Miss Bates and, with an odd little smile under his mustache, claimed Maisie's hand for a quadrille. Maisie demurred. She had not danced since she had learned the simpler changes of quadrilles and reels at young people's parties in her school-girl days. But the host insisted.

"We took up the sitting-room carpet, Mrs. Morris and I," he declared, "on purpose for dancing this evening, and those who have forgotten how must do honor to the occasion by trying, at least to regain a lost art. We can't dispense with the heroine of the evening—she must hop through the changes, somehow." And Maisie, with a happy laugh, consented to be led out.

Two sets, for which there was ample room, were forming. "We'll take the head of this first set," said Maisie's partner, as they passed in with a crowd. "See, they have reserved the place for us. Mr. Gordon, who stands against the wall just behind us here, will call off. With his lung power and my leading we'll get you through creditably, never fear. Miss Bates is at the piano and her time is perfect, and Nicoll and Mosbach are good fiddlers, too,—and see—bravo! Tom is leading Miss Nannie into the next set."

Maisie laughed gleefully. "Oh, Tom has nothing to fear," she said; "he has had more practice than I." Then, with a fine little crash, the musicians struck into the chords of a popular air.

"Honers t' paardners," shouted Hank Gordon. And the partners obediently bowed and smiled.

"Fust four forerd 'n' back; right and left four; balance all,"—and the dance was on. The changes of the quadrille

were familiar, and Maisie walked through them, practicing some remembered steps quite prettily.

The girl danced as she did other things, with a little serious air of preoccupation, the indefinable charm of which Howell had often noted.

A veritable descendant of Priscilla Alden, he had declared her, a Puritan maiden shorn of the harshness of Puritan prejudice,—modern, beautiful, womanly, true as steel to her best instincts, and innocent as one of God's lilies. More than one pair of eyes among the onlookers fell upon the girl's sweet, serious face and graceful, child-like figure, admiringly. More than one kind, feminine heart, knowing her history, repented itself then and there of lost opportunity in ministering to her poverty-stricken days.

"Mr. Howell has taught us all a lesson to-night," said Miss Parmelee, a devoted member of the Sissetonwan Club—speaking to Mrs. Lawton Russel, who stood beside her in the open parlor doorway. "I feel now," she added with moist eyes, "that the members of our Club ought to go out on missionary excursions and visit every sod-house and humble cabin within a day's ride. We shouldn't find ourselves welcome at many of them, perhaps, but if we should chance upon one lonely girl or woman to whom we might offer the comfort of civilized sympathy and interest, it would amply repay our pains. That isn't the purpose for which our society is organized," she concluded, "but I for one would be quite willing to turn its energies in that direction."

"Oh, deah," returned her companion, with real distress in her soft Virginian accents, "if yo' skuhts ah not cleah, what must you think of ouahs who live so much nearah to huh—I mean the Go'dons and the Ga'dnabs, too. I'm suht'nly ready to plead *mea culpa*. But I didn't know huh, that's all; and, though I passed by the little sod-cabins ovah tha' so many times, I would nevah have thought of finding such a gem of a guhl inside one of them."

Here the quadrille finished. Mrs. Russel's small niece claimed her attention for

some necessary excursion to the dining-room, where that lady had kindly tendered her efficient help. Miss Parmelee seized upon the opportunity to carry Maisie away to a settee for better acquaintance.

"Oh, Miss Hewitt," said the earnest young lady, "we are all so glad to have discovered you at last, and we feel that we owe Mr. Howell a debt of gratitude for giving the opportunity. Do you often come to Marionette?"

Maisie answered that she hoped to go to town quite frequently when warm weather should come on again.

"Oh, do!" cried her companion, "We want you so much to become a member of our young woman's club. Mr. Howell has told us of the reading you have done this winter, and we—the Sissetonwans—want you so much; there are ten out of fourteen of us here to-night, and all are anxious for you to become a member. Even if you can meet with us but a few times a year, we shall be delighted to have you with us. The club is devoted to the study of literature, current events and music, and to devising instructive entertainments for the public. It is the Sissetonwan Club,—named for an Indian tribe. Is not the name a pretty one?"

And to the young girl, with what seemed a world of friendship, interest and opportunity opening to her hungry heart, all things that night were beautiful.

Before she could find words to reply fittingly to Miss Parmelee's warm interest, Mr. Rankine came for her to dance another quadrille, and her companion, too, was claimed by a bowing, smooth-faced young gentleman, whose eyes betrayed ardent glances through a pair of gold-bowed glasses.

Thus the time passed all too swiftly, for the party must break up at twelve, or sooner, if they were all to get home that night.

Supper—of coffee, pressed chicken, cakes and confections, with mild frappé—was served at eleven o'clock. After this, the party, under young Lawyer Rankine's direction, assembled in "joint committee

of the whole" upon seats arranged for that purpose in the parlor. When they had done so, and Hank Gordon's laugh and his wife's chatter had been stilled, Mr. Rankine arose.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "the best of wines is served at the close of a feast, and literary things come always after supper. By the merest accident I discovered that our host here has of late been stealthily acquiring a habit of authorship; that for months past, in fact, he has continued to defraud his friends by hiding his 'little things' in the darkest corners of this house. Now, we didn't come over here — we of Marionette — merely to hunt wolves; and, having brought other game to ground, we propose to exhibit it. Un-

der compulsion of the Plateau County Gun Club, Mr. Howell will read the true story of Lake Marais — '*Marais des Chevaux Morts*'."

There was an explosive volley of laughter and hand-clapping, and Howell arose. He blushed like a school-boy and nervously fingered a roll of manuscript in hand.

"I can assure you, my friends," he said, "that of my own free will I do not inflict this thing upon you. It all comes of my own recklessness, however. I turned Mr. Rankine loose in my library this afternoon, and with the freebooting instinct of a legislator he rummaged in my most sacred pigeon-holes; unearched this thing and read it to the boys."

[To be Continued.]



SWIPES.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE IN LABOR'S WORLD. V.

BY HOWARD B. SEGUR.

SWIPES was, to use the vernacular of the day, the kid around the telegraph office in the little town of Crompton. Who his parents were — if, indeed, he ever had any — was not definitely known by the people of Crompton. No one seemed to take sufficient interest in him to look up his lineage, further than that almost any one of the villagers could tell you that he had been shipped to the town some years before with four other boys of about his own age — seven years — from the Orphans' Home at Boston, with the expectation of finding homes for them among the farmers of Eastern Nebraska.

His four companions had only stopped with the farmers to whom they were assigned long enough to get fitted out with clothing, when they silently left for parts unknown. Rumor had it that there were missing, from the various homes they had left, numerous articles of clothing and jewelry, and one farmer said that he had



HOWARD B. SEGUR.

missed \$25 which he had carelessly left in his pocket-book on the kitchen-table the night of the disappearance.

Swipes, whose real name — so far as he knew — was Harry Russell, did not go with the other boys, but a good many said that if he could have had his choice he would certainly have gone.

So strong was the talk in the neighborhood against the boys that Deacon Bowles, who was a hard-fisted, avaricious farmer, and who had "taken Swipes to raise," finally said :

"Yes, indeed, he must go! How do I know but what he's stayin' here as a kind of a decoy, to either steal everything on the place he can lay his hands on, or murder the whole family some night in cold blood?"

As the Deacon was a man of his word, Swipes was unceremoniously bounced.

Being in a strange country, the boy hardly knew what to do or where to go. Had he been in the city he would have known what to do at once. As it was, he finally concluded that he must reach Denver in some way, where he would get a "kit" and go to blacking boots or selling papers, as he had done in Boston.

As Denver was a long distance away, and the only practicable means of reaching that point was by rail, he naturally drifted to the station to inquire concerning the distance, fare and time of trains. He met the station agent as he was starting for the livery stable with an important message for Deacon Bowles, which he intended sending to the country by "special messenger."

When he saw Swipes, he stopped abruptly and said, "Hello! you're the very one I'm looking for. I've a message for the Deacon, and you can save me the trouble of looking up some one to deliver it."

"I aint stayin' at his place now," said Swipes.

"Since when?"

"This mornin'; he fired me."

"Well, is that so? You wont object to make a half-a-dollar, will you, by taking this message to him?"

"No, sir; I can take it." Saying which, Swipes took the message and walked back to the Deacon's.

"Thought I told you to leave the place!" shouted the Deacon, as he caught a glimpse of Swipes through the hedge, as he reached the end of a row of corn he was plowing.

"Guess they haint no law agin a feller bringin' a message to you, is they?" queried Swipes, as he handed the message through the hedge-fence to the Deacon.

As he read the telegram, the Deacon grew livid with rage, as was his custom when things did not go as he wished them to. "No, indeed!" he exclaimed. "I'll not take the young upstart to keep through vacation, to have him pester and worry the life out o' me," alluding to the contents of the message, which was from his wealthy nephew in the city, who asked the Deacon to keep his son through the summer vacation. The Deacon had kept him the summer before and, as a compensation for his trouble, had received a hundred dollars, which was welcome to the hard-fisted old curmudgeon.

"Well, why don't you go?" growled the Deacon when, after reading the message, he saw that Swipes was still waiting.

"I want a half-a-dollar," rejoined Swipes.

"A half-a-dollar! What do you want a half-a-dollar for?"

"For deliverin' that message; I'm special messenger," said Swipes, straightening up to his full height.

"A half-a-dollar for walkin' from the deepo with a message, when I didn't give you that much for a month's work! I wont pay it!" and the Deacon shook his fist at Swipes in a menacing manner.

"All right, ol' man; the feller that sent it will have to pay it then," retorted Swipes, as he started off.

The Deacon turned his team; gave his trousers a hitch; took off his shoe and knocked the dirt out of it by striking it against the plow-beam; replaced it; took a chew of tobacco; slapped the old sor-

rel mare on the rump with the lines, and resumed plowing corn.

He had not gone over half-way across the forty-acre field ere he regretted that he had not paid for the delivery of the message. If his nephew were compelled to pay for it, he would be notified that the Deacon had refused payment, which would be the means of knocking the Deacon out of the one hundred dollars which he so much coveted.

By the time he had returned to the side of the field where Swipes had given him the message he had concluded to hail the boy and pay him the fifty cents, if he could not jew him down to twenty-five. Swipes was nearly a mile away, and the Deacon could not get his attention, although he called lustily. He finally unhitched his team and, mounting the old sorrel mare, started her toward town at her best gait. When he had overtaken Swipes the Deacon said :

"I'll give you twenty-five cents for fetchin' out that air message, an' not another cent."

"I aint carryin' messages three miles for twenty-five cents," answered Swipes, in a sarcastic tone. "An' since you're so anxious to settle, it'll take jist a dollar an' a half to square it," he added.

The agent had told Swipes that the telegraph company would allow a messenger to collect fifty cents per mile "in some cases."

The Deacon foamed and raged, threatening a whipping and arrest, but to no avail. Swipes stuck to his price.

After making the boy promise that nothing would be said to his nephew about refusing payment for the delivery of the message, the Deacon grudgingly paid the dollar and a half.

When Swipes related the circumstance to the agent it so amused him that the little fellow was immediately engaged as messenger-boy, which position was vacant at the time. The salary was small, though more than enough to pay his board, and by sleeping in the office he was able to economize closely enough to clothe himself fairly well. He also had the privi-

lege of learning telegraphy and station-work.

Thus it was that, at the end of ten years, Swipes had charge of the baggage department of the station at a salary of \$25 a month.

The name of "Swipes" still clung to him, though he had proven himself not only an honest young man, but a gentleman in every sense of the word. Although he worked hard and faithfully for the company, there appeared to be no show for promotion for him.

"There is no hope for me," he would say. "How can I, who have not even a name for sure, ever expect promotion, when I must compete with young men who have respectable parents and nice homes! If they want promotion, some one of their influential friends who has a 'stand-in' with the superintendent or some other official of the road, speaks a good word for them and they go right past me!"

He would not even unburden himself to his closest friend—the agent—as he had arrived at that point in a young man's life where the conviction is forced upon him that no one cares whether he lives or dies. He plodded along during the day, and attended a night-school in the evening. He had mastered station-work, and was capable of taking charge of and running a small station—with the exception of telegraphing; in this he appeared to be rather obtuse, although he could telegraph, after a fashion.

The only recreation he took was with his bicycle. He had become an expert on a wheel and was considered authority on anything pertaining to cycling.

Swipes still slept in the office. A section of the wainscoting partition between the baggage-room and the office had been cut out and the lower side hung on hinges, and a stationary box bunk had been made in the opening in the baggage-room, which had a drop door on the baggage-room side, so there would be a chance for a draught in the warm weather when both doors were open, and could be closed when not in use.

One night in the fall, he crawled into his bunk from the baggage-room, and, as the night was rather chilly, he did not drop the door on the office side. He soon fell asleep. How long he had slept he could not say, but suddenly he found himself wide awake.

Presently he heard some one conversing in a low tone in the office, directly in front of his bunk. He recognized in one of the speakers the new night operator, who had arrived but a day or two before. The other voice was strange to him. As he listened he heard unfolded a plot that almost caused his heart to cease beating.

The new operator was a member of a gang who intended to wreck No. 16, the east-bound express train, due at Crompton at 1:20 that night. As the operator knew nothing of the bunk being in the baggage-room, and Swipes had made no noise on retiring, he supposed that he and his pal were alone. It seemed that a part of the gang had gone to a bridge which crossed a wide, deep ravine, five miles west of town, and would remove the angle-bars from two rails at the west end of the bridge, and pull the rails over three or four inches and spike them, thus making a sure thing of a complete wreck of the train. During the confusion consequent upon the wreck, the wreckers would rush in and secure \$300,000 which the operator had notified them was in the express run that night, and then make their escape.

Even now the miscreants were getting the rails in shape to insure the contemplated disaster. How could Swipes avert it? There were two desperate men in the office who were certainly armed. Swipes had nothing to combat them with save a pocket-knife. It would be useless to attempt to overpower them.

He quietly arose, slipped his clothing on, stepped to the window, and by the light of the moon, just disappearing under the western horizon, saw by his watch that it only lacked ten minutes of the time when No. 16 was to leave Brewster, the station west of Crompton.

His line of action was laid out in an instant. Quietly opening the baggage-room door, he rolled his bicycle outside and, taking a lantern with a red globe in one hand, he mounted, and was soon speeding westward at a tremendous rate. Faster and faster he urged his wheel. He could never pass the bridge in time to stop the train. Then, too, he would be seen by the wreckers if he attempted it, as the wagon-road followed the right-of-way at the bridge. It was impossible to go around, off the road, on account of the ravines. Precious moments were flying. Swipes set his teeth together with a bulldog determination and pedaled for life.

In his strenuous efforts to get more speed out of his wheel one of the pedals broke, causing him almost to take a header. He sprang to the ground and jerked the tool-bag from the wheel; as he did so the wrench fell out, struck the globe of the lantern and broke it into fragments.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, "what am I to do!"

But not a moment did he lose. Seizing a pair of pliers and a short piece of wire which fell from the tool-bag, he dashed up the road like mad, leaving his wheel where it had fallen.

Far away in the distant city the train-dispatcher was slowly calling Brewster station for the report of Train 16. The train had been a few minutes late all the evening, but was gaining, and he had hoped to have it reach Brewster on time. It was now just due at Brewster, and he continued to call:

"Bu., Bu., Da., Bu., Bu—"

There was an interruption on the circuit. First a few unintelligible sputters from the instrument, then slowly was spelled out the following:

"T-r-a-i-n w-r-e-c-k-e-r-s h-a-v-e r-e-m-o-v-e-d
t-w-o r-a-i-l-s a-t h-i-g-h b-r-i-d-g-e. F-o-r G-o-d's
-s-t-o-p N-o. S-l-x—"

Then the wire came open.

The dispatcher comprehended the situation in an instant. He sprang to the key on another line and fairly made the telegraph instrument jump from the table

as he called Brewster. He finally raised him and said :

"No. 16!"

"Here, go in mtn.,"

was the response.

"Hold 16; don't let her get away!"

No answer to his order.

Again he made the sounder hum as he rapidly called "*Bu.*"

Presently he was interrupted by the operator at Brewster answering :

"Just in time to catch hind end rear coach and pull bell-cord as train started."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the dispatcher.

In a very few moments orders were given to the section men to proceed to the high bridge ahead of No. 16 and thoroughly examine the bridge before allowing the train to cross. And to also examine wire No. 1, for an opening between Brewster and Crompton.

Two rails were found with angle-bars removed and the spikes drawn and pulled out in such shape as would have sent the train to destruction.

After getting the track in shape and the train safely over the bridge, the trackmen proceeded to look for a break in line No. 1. As it was now daylight the line could be plainly seen.

Three miles west of Crompton the break was found. Swipes was also found at the break, with one broken arm, and his right leg broken above the knee. He had climbed a telegraph pole which was supplied with a "ground wire," and the

main wire and attached the wire he had taken from the tool-bag of his bicycle to the west end of the main wire, so it would be long enough to tap against the ground wire on the pole. He could just accomplish this by hanging on to the pole at the extreme top. Then he was able to roughly spell out a message of warning by tapping the main line to the ground wire, although he had no means of knowing whether he was heard or not. Receiving a severe shock from the wires, he had lost his hold upon the pole and fallen to the ground, thereby breaking his limbs.

Swipes privately told his story to the agent after his fractured limbs had been attended to, and the superintendent of the road was sent for. On the arrival of that official the night operator was placed under arrest, and when confronted with the knowledge of his crime he turned State's evidence and furnished information which was the means of securing the arrest and subsequent conviction of the entire gang.

To-day Swipes is Chief Train-dispatcher of that road. When asked how he came into that position, being younger than most men holding similar situations, he proudly points to a queer-shaped glass case which contains an old-fashioned high wheel, in the same condition it was when picked up near the telegraph pole to which it carried him in time to save the train from wreck. "And," he is wont to add, "in time to carry me into the Chief Train-dispatcher's office."

HIS LOVING KINDNESS.

THE apple-bloom was on her girlish cheek,
But far-off hopes and patience made her meek—
God's mercy!

Her life's full cup of sorrow came at last,
She drank it, trembling, praying it be passed—
God's mercy!

White-faced she lies beneath the coffin lid;
Under the pall of death her faults are hid—
God's mercy!

Barton O. Aylesworth.

THE CELEBRATION OF IOWA'S FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

BY S. H. M. BYERS.

IOWA'S great jubilee has come and gone.* Its like will never be seen again. Never again will so many honored pioneers who built the noble fabric of the State sit down together with the applause of grateful multitudes ringing in their ears. Fifty years hence, when the centennial of the commonwealth shall be celebrated, the grass will have grown green upon all their graves. To the thoughtful person this State Jubilee at Burlington was one of tremendous significance. One could not help reflecting how different all things might have been in Iowa had these pioneers not been up to the measure of their duty at a time when the foundations of the brave old State were being laid. To the young man, or the young woman, present, these pioneer faces must have been an inspiration. How history flashed through people's minds as they looked at the men who actually built Iowa! The honor done these surviving pioneers, by the orators of the State and by the magnificent spectacles that occurred on the shores and on the waters of the Mississippi, were a thousand times deserved.

In the midst of one of the most exciting political campaigns any country ever saw, the people flocked to the shores of the great river by tens of thousands to do honor to the men who built a State freer than Greece or Rome.

This Semi-Centennial Celebration developed into a thanksgiving and a jubilee. More than a hundred thousand Iowa people paused to join in glad thanks for fifty years of prosperous State life.

The celebration was a happy coming together of the old and the new. Beside the backward-looking pioneer of the earlier time sat the eager, expectant youth of to-day. The old tales were told in the light of new experiences. A thou-

sand happy voices sang songs of joy almost on the very spot where savage chiefs once held their war-dances. To make the scene more striking, the descendants of Sac and Fox Indians, their war-paint on, marched in the grand processions at the side of beautiful girls dressed in white, and waving wands of peace. Age told, and youth listened to, the tales of other days, when Iowa was only a land of enflowered prairies with only here and there a rude log-house. Orators in eloquent words pictured the changes that had come over the State, changes that few realize, changes that are placing Iowans among the foremost people of the nation. While it has been going on, the Republic has increased from twenty millions to sixty millions of people. A prosperity has been witnessed such as the world never saw before. Meantime a war was waged in defense of the nation that cost a million lives and untold treasure. The State of Iowa alone sent eighty thousand citizens on to the field of battle.

It has been an era of history-making, these first fifty years of Iowa's life. There was much to be jubilant over. Eight whole days were set apart as a festival time. The chief executive and all his retinue lent official recognition by their participation. The second officer in the nation added interest to the occasion by his presence. The State's orators and distinguished men and women participated in the ceremonies. A thousand glad voices added to the delight of the occasion. Parades, processions and magnificent illuminations on land and water testified to the general joy of the people.

The scene chosen for the celebration was one of unexcelled beauty. Crapo Park, on the high plateau above the Mississippi, afforded views of supreme loveliness. Few public parks, in any country, have a situation comparable with this. The autumn foliage on the far hills that

*Held in Burlington, the first Capital of the State, October 1-8, 1896.

encircle it was in its glory. The steep bluffs at the front overlooked the calmly-flowing Mississippi River. River and bluff and park and hills lay in the glory of an Indian summer. It was ideal festival weather.

The vast building erected for the occasion was filled to its utmost with happy people, and other thousands wandered about the park enjoying the music and the sunshine. For a whole week the city was in gala attire. The West part of the State was poorly represented. The distance was too great, the times too hard, politics too engrossing. But all Eastern and Southern Iowa took part in the festival. It seemed the people would never tire of oratory. Exercises continued in the Coliseum almost constantly, and there were parades every day. The great river never before witnessed such splendid fireworks and gorgeous illuminations. The place was appropriate, for here the State of Iowa was born. The people of Burlington realized the greatness of the occasion, and every sacrifice was made to insure its perfect success. Money, energy, hospitality, waited like handmaids on the festival.

The official State Committee, with Philip M. Crapo at its head, labored for months patiently, zealously, and at extreme sacrifice, to insure a celebration worthy of the event commemorated. To no one person is Iowa so much indebted for the success of her birthday celebration as to the chairman of the committee. Mr. Crapo had given Burlington the beautiful one-hundred-acre park where the celebration was held. It was a munificent gift—but only along the lines of his everyday life. Mr. Crapo has built himself a monument more lasting than marble, and his good deeds are a daily benefaction to the public.

The eight celebration days were cleverly divided. There was the Governors' Day, when all the surviving chief executives of the State came together. On the stage that day also appeared children and grandchildren of the first Governors.

Mr. Philip M. Crapo formally welcomed the people to the celebration, when Francis M. Drake, present Governor of

Iowa, delivered the opening address, and the Hon. Lafayette Young, of Des Moines, the principal oration. Both addresses were worthy the occasion. That night a splendid banquet was given by the committee at the Delano Hotel, where several hundred invited guests listened to stirring speeches from the Governor, the Vice-President of the United States, and many persons noted in State affairs. Vice-President Stevenson spoke twice, and the enthusiasm and emotion of the guests at the deep feeling of his second speech will not readily be forgotten.

The second day was devoted to speeches and talks from Iowa's noble pioneers. The general exercises were under the direction of the Hon. Charles Beardsley, himself one of the distinguished pioneers who through many years and in various paths has conferred honor upon the State.

Hon. James Harlan, one of Iowa's most loved and noblest citizens—an ex-cabinet officer and the friend of Lincoln, presided on the stage, and delivered an able address. Beside him sat Iowa's great commoner, ex-Governor William Larrabee, together with many men and women of the earlier day who helped to build the great State, and whose presence added honor to the occasion. Some of them had followed the paths of private, but none the less honorable, citizenship, through all the years of the State's infancy and youth. They told the tales of the earlier days and of the hardy life of the State's pioneers. Others of their number had left the breaking-plow and the log-cabin years ago to walk in the paths of political life, of statesmanship and of learning. There were names among them that have left their impress on the laws and history of the commonwealth and the nation.

The chief spokesman of the day was ex-Governor, and now United States Senator, John H. Gear. The choice was a happy one, for among these pioneers John H. Gear had been a neighbor and a friend. At their side he had tasted all the hardships of the pioneer days. There was not one among them who had not taken him by the hand in times when the handshake of a true man was the pledge

of help and friendship. They had watched the career which his exalted character and simple eloquence had made for him, and they gloried in the honors justly won by their friend. When he spoke, they knew his language and felt the force of his words. Their hearts responded to his kindly eloquence.

One day was devoted to the story of the State's educational advancement, and Henry Sabin, the honorable State Superintendent, was selected for its chief conduct. Dr. S. N. Fellows was chairman and delivered a notable address. It was a proud showing Iowa made that day. The record of her public schools can be placed beside the educational record of any nation on earth. Prof. Charles Eldred Shelton and other noble educators aided in making the day memorable, while the corps of trained school-girls and singing children, in their rhythmic movements and marches and Maypole dances, made delightful pictures.

One of the striking features of the celebration was the fine collection of oil portraits of all Iowa's governors that adorned the immense stage from floor to ceiling. They were loaned from the Capitol, at Des Moines, by Governor Drake's order. The securing them for the occasion was the idea of that indefatigable patriot and friend of the State, Charles Aldrich.

Sunday was dedicated to commemorative service in all the Burlington churches, and a great sacred concert was held at the Coliseum in the evening.

In fact, music, and good music, was a feature of every exercise, and on the 7th of October a thousand trained voices gave such a festival of classic song as is rarely heard anywhere. It was under the direction of Prof. W. L. Sheetz, of Burlington, and Prof. Theo. Rudolph Reese, of Davenport. Iowa's State Band, under Director Phinney, assisted in the great music festival, as it did in all the exercises of the celebration. One of its members had composed a delightful Semi-Centennial March, which was repeatedly rendered, receiving the applause of all.

On this day, as on all days, able papers

were read, and notable addresses made, that will yet appear in book form, edited by Rev. Dr. Salter, the historian of the celebration.

Two days were given to political gatherings of the two great parties, and vast numbers of people flocked to the park, for it is a year when political excitement runs to the very danger line for the Republic. Notable among the speakers on Democratic Day was the Hon. William J. Bryan, and on Republican Day, United States Senator Joseph B. Foraker.

The sixth day of the festival was Woman's Day, and the fates and the talent of Iowa women combined to make it one of the most interesting and successful of all. The exercises were under the auspices of the Federation of Woman's Clubs. Five thousand people listened while bright and notable addresses were delivered by such well-known women as Miss May Rogers, of Dubuque; Mrs. Pauline Swalm, of Oskaloosa; Miss Emma A. Fordyce, of Cedar Rapids, and Miss Caroline Bartlett, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, formerly of Iowa.

That evening a reception was given to the ladies present from the various parts of the State, and the Woman's Shakespeare Club of Burlington gave "A Midsummer Night's Dream" outdoors, on a green slope in Crapo Park.

The secret societies of the State also had their innings for part of a day,—and parades, and processions, and singing clubs marched on every leading street of the old city. The decorations of the Burlington streets during the entire festival were original and in splendid taste.

Altogether, the Semi-Centennial Celebration was worthy the event commemorated. Its river fireworks display was unique and splendid. In oratory and music it must remain an occasion unequalled for many a day. In the pioneers it gathered together, its like never will be seen again. It healthfully stimulated pride in the State's grand history; it gave a new impulse to patriotism; it made people of the commonwealth feel that, in the language of our great War Governor, "it is a high privilege to be a citizen of Iowa."



CLAUDE MATTESON SANER, THE PHENOMENAL BOY SOPRANO.

BY LURA BROWN SMITH.

A LITTLE rollicking, rosy lad, full of childish mischief and ardent interest in all boyish sports; an expert stilt-walker, fond of his bicycle, devoted to games, an expert at marbles; high-strung, quick-tempered, seldom the aggressor, but when imposed upon ready to fight

"at the drop of the hat," though quickly over his passion and a good friend again; affectionate as a girl; fond of reading books for boys; devoted to his *St. Nicholas*; finding pleasure in Dickens' "Child's History of England," but partial to his favorite old stand-by "The Arabian

Nights"; singularly unimaginative, however, and downright matter-of-fact,—such, in part, is Claude Matteson Saner, "Iowa's phenomenal boy soprano."

Claude was twelve years old the 27th day of last September.

He is a healthy boy, browned by the wind and sunshine. He has bonny black hair and great expressive soft eyes, darkening from luminous brown to a midnight hue. He is a veritable young Apollo.

At the age of four he sang correctly all the little songs of childhood. He has an excellent speaking voice, extraordinarily high-pitched, pure, clear, and heart-reaching,—an honest inheritance, I felt, when his mother one day, going to the door, called him from his play.

He came bounding in, with a merry greeting, and with an urgent plea for "a nickel to buy a new kite-string."

"Yes," he said; he would sing for me. Thrusting his hands into his pockets, he stood near his mother who played his accompaniment, flashed a smile at her, showing his strong white teeth, opened his throat and poured forth a flood of song,—tones so sweet, so delicately modulated to the meaning, expression so inspired, words so perfectly enunciated, phrasing admirably executed, and through it all that indescribably thrilling power,—*a child's voice*, that for the moment I was lost to time and place.

So it is with all who hear him. Claude has been singing in public for four years. Of him, in December, 1895, the *Times-Herald*, of Chicago, said:

"He has a voice of pure quality; the tones produced are wonderfully clear and void of any harshness or nasal defects so common to the average boy who sings. His voice ranges from B below middle C to F above high C, without a break or change anywhere in the scale. The boy is free from all mannerisms, and sings with perfect ease and absolute purity of attack on all notes within his range, his enunciation being almost perfect."

Claude brings to his work a maturity, a serenity, an unconscious grace, in one so young, peculiarly irresistible. Putting

back the bright lock from his forehead, he looks the audience over, singles out his parents, or some friend, smiles upon them, and proceeds with his enchantment. His repertory is extensive, consisting chiefly of classical music, both sacred and secular; though he is as much at home in popular church music and ballads.

Cedar Rapids, his home, can never get enough of his singing. Sioux City, Des Moines, all the neighboring cities, have heard him and "gone wild." A few cities outside the State have been favored. And everywhere the press, echoing public sentiment, has used up its adjectives in trying to tell of his achievements. They say he has a voice "of amazing volume," of "delicious softness"; "heavenly," "divine," "angelic"; that he suggests "a lark," "a nightingale," "a clear silver bell," etc.

When Claude sang before the Fellowship Club, of Chicago, last April, *Presto*, a musical authority of that city, said: "Claude Saner is pronounced a marvel by critics and, having listened to his silvery voice, *Presto* is inclined to endorse all that they have said. The young artist is not only a musician 'by the grace of God,' but his schooling has been admirable, and he has the advantages of association with matured vocalists, and of falling to the managerial charge of an all-around musician of world-wide experience. This latter point is not easily over-estimated. The little singer has been well characterized as 'the boy with the angel voice.' He charms his audiences wherever he goes, and the future seems to promise an enduring fame seldom acquired by prodigies."

Mrs. Saner was her son's early teacher and his success is the best evidence of her talent; but his parents believe he owes most of his art to Mr. William J. Hall, organist of Grace Church, and now director of the Cedar Rapids College of Music—the manager referred to by *Presto*.

Mr. Hall says: "He is the best boy ever placed in my care to train, for he is a hard worker, and conscientious in his

practice, being always ready and willing to sing. These traits, with his bright and cheerful disposition, will give him a career that will surprise the country in the next few months."

As ancestry has much to do with settling the future of genius, pains have been taken to learn of this boy's heredity.

His father, Mr. Lorin S. Saner, a well-known journalist and speaker, owes his literary bent to the influence of his uncle, Hon. A. P. Swineford, Governor of Alaska under Cleveland's first administration, formerly owner of the *Mining Journal* in Marquette, Michigan. Mr. Saner has a good but untrained voice, and when living in St. Louis, thirteen years ago, was urged by eminent musicians to seriously cultivate his gift.

Mrs. Saner comes from a refined, learned and essentially musical family. She is a graduate of Oberlin Conservatory of Music; and has a sister, Miss Mary Matteson, who has a beautiful soprano

voice, and is now in Boston, training in vocalization. Her father, Mr. H. E. Matteson, was a music leader in Seville, Ohio, conducting a famous male quartet during Lincoln's first campaign, singing first tenor. He was also noted as a conductor of chorus concerts.

Mrs. Saner's mother was for many years the possessor of an exceptionally fine soprano voice, well cultivated and in great demand.

Our boy singer is said to be like his uncle, Claude Loraine Matteson, of Seville, Ohio, after whom he was named, who is now the possessor of a high baritone voice of exquisite quality. Perhaps his voice betokens what may be expected of this marvelous lad so divinely gifted, so open to all improving influences.

Unspoiled by attention, Claude yet enjoys his triumphs; though if any one shows him this sketch he will probably toss his head and with charming abandon exclaim, "O, I've heard that before!"



HOME THEMES.

THE POWER OF GENTLENESS.

Save an evil temper, there is, perhaps, upon this earth no greater enemy to domestic happiness than a harsh, domineering spirit. Such a disposition, in either man or woman, has power to convert the fairest garden into a dreary desert.

"Command," says Herbert Spencer, "is a blight to the affections. Whatsoever of refinement—whatsoever of beauty—whatsoever of poetry, there is in the passion that unites the sexes, withers up and dies in the cold atmosphere of authority. Native as they are to such widely separated regions of our nature, love and coercion cannot possibly flourish together. The one grows out of our best feelings; the other has its root in our worst. Love is sympathetic; coercion is callous. Love is gentle; coercion is harsh. Love is self-sacrificing; coercion is selfish. How then can they co-exist? It is the property of the first to attract, whilst it is that of the last to repel; and, conflicting as they thus are, it is the con-

stant tendency of each to destroy the other." Only by the obliteration of this desire to rule and dictate does ideal love become possible.

No womanly woman ever desires to rule a man she sincerely loves and looks up to, in any arbitrary way which detracts from his dignity and manhood. Her sway over him, should she be so happy as to possess any, must be won and kept through the persuasion which love teaches. Anything else is worthless to her and degrading to him.

Gentleness and self-sacrifice are the life and soul of every high relation. Between two finely-touched spirits there should exist that divine strife as to which shall be most generous and unselfish.

"Love that asketh love again,
Finds the barter naught but pain;
Love that giveth in full store
Aye receives as much and more.

"Love exacting nothing back
Never knoweth any lack;
Love, compelling love to pay,
Sees him bankrupt every day."

—Lillian Monk.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF BLAINE.

By H. S. HOLLINGSWORTH.

FIFTY miles to the south of Pittsburgh, on the west bank of the Monongahela River, rests the quiet town of West Brownsville. Here James Gillespie Blaine was born, and here he passed his early childhood.

It was a delightful August day. A summer vacation, fast drawing to a close, found the writer in Western Pennsylvania among the hills that tower mountain high, with streams and roads winding in and around them, seemingly lost in their own intricacy. It is the region of the Monongahela of which I write; here the lesser streams find their way over rocks and falls, between high walls to the broad river which flows with even and regular pulsations to its union with the Ohio.

A trip had been planned to the Laurel Ridge Mountains, whose peaks formed a rugged and hazy blue outline against the

eastern horizon, visible from the highest hills some sixteen miles away.

The start was made from a picturesque country-seat three miles back from the river. We drove to the river, crossed on a ferry, boarded the train for Uniontown just as the sun was coming up from among the mountains and driving away the river mists. The train sped along up the valley, now by the river, now through richest pastures, now by entrancing woodlands, giving a mere glimpse of each, then away and on again. Nearing West Brownsville the train slackened its speed. From a window could be seen an imposing bluff on the east side of the river, nearly covered with a dense growth of trees and bushes, a few giant oaks rising above the mass, standing sentry as if to guard the historic ground beyond the stream. Below the bluff to the north we could see the long bridge which links



BLAINE'S BIRTHPLACE, LOOKING UP THE RIVER



BLAINE'S BIRTHPLACE, LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER.

Washington County to Fayette. Right in front of us nestled the village now memorable as "Blaine's Birthplace." The train paused near the very house in which Blaine was born. While waiting there I drank in what I could of the dreamy old place. With the help of the two accompanying illustrations I shall picture as best I may this now historic spot.

The house,* old and crumbling by reason of neglect, is built of brick; the architecture that of the early years of the century. It is a large structure and stands at the base of the steep bluff seen in the background of one of the illustrations. It faces the river, flowing by a few hundred feet on the east, the gentle slope from the house forming a delightful lawn which leads to the water's edge. This plot was originally planted in fruit-trees, according to an early custom. At the rear of the dwelling are many beautiful oaks on the slope. A few half-dead stumps yet remain around and near the house. But the splendid establishment

of ninety years ago is now almost in ruin, and the air of neglect lends a gloom to the house and its environments.

The building is divided into three parts, the main part which, as seen in the first illustration, faces the east and extends out toward the river, and the two wings. The north wing, partly shown, joins the greater portion of the house well toward its rear. The south wing, dimly visible in the first illustration, is seen in the second and unites with the main structure quite near the front, the portico filling up the intervening space.

To all appearances the house was built piecemeal, but in fact it was all finished at one time. It was erected about the year 1800, by Blaine's grandfather, Neil Gillespie, and was for many years thereafter a social and intellectual center. What influence it may have had over the destinies of young Blaine, we do not know; certain it is, however, that the rugged grandeur about the place, with the intellectual and social excellence of the community, must have told for good on the career of him who passed his boyhood days in this enchanting valley.

*Recently torn down to make room for improvements on the premises.—Ed.

Passing from the ownership of the Gillespies, the estate has found its way to the hands of a wealthy family who take no interest in its associations, but have converted the house into a tenement, where dwell in ignorance and squalor perhaps a half-dozen families, alien to all that is American, even to the English language.

Looking down the river from a point southeast of the house, remembering that Monongahela flows north, there is seen extending along the front of the south wing a broad portico. The roof, a projection of the house-roof, is supported at the outer edge by four massive plain brick pillars. The illustration (II) shows the portico and pillars yet in place, as they were at the time of our visit, but the relentless work of years has wrought a decay, which but a few months ago resulted in the crumbling of the columns and the falling of the heavy roof. We now have nothing left of this once happy nook, no knowledge that it ever existed save the testimony of witnesses and of the camera.

We leave the outer aspect of the once stately mansion, with its ruined portico, its many quaint old windows, its broken chimneys, the moss-covered roof and the cracked walls, to take a peep at the inside of this once splendid home. The front door of the main house is opened, entering which we find ourselves in a sort of reception hall. From this a stairway leads to the upper floor. On the right of the hall a door opens into a large room, which in turn communicates with two other rooms on its right.

The large apartment is said to be the place where Blaine was born, but the fact is not well authenticated. Further the inquisitor can hardly go, for the present occupants do not extend a hearty welcome; and we retire, taking another and last look as we go, noting each forlorn and dilapidated thing and wondering

why such a fate must come to such a home.

Our train, now ready to leave, sounded the signal of departure, backed out to the switch, crossed the bridge, affording us another view of the house, and hurried on to the mountains, the old homestead vanishing as the train wound its way around the bluff, and lost us in the ever-changing maze.

Uniontown was not far away, reaching which we procured a team and drove to the summit of the nearest mountain. The road is a branch of the turnpike. Near the foot of the slope we stopped to pay toll. To our right was an enclosure in which lie buried the remains of General Braddock, killed in the retreat from Fort Duquesne. That the pursuing Indians might not discover the body, Washington, conducting the retreat, had Braddock's remains buried in the middle of the trail, and drove the heavy army wagons over the spot to remove all trace of the burial.

We looked above at the rough mountain sides covered with trees, or down into deep ravines. Finally, reaching the topmost point, we dined at the Summit House, then walked out to the ridge. Here we saw where the rain in falling is carried down and on to the Atlantic, and a few steps away where, in striking the opposite slope, it flows into the Monongahela, thence to the Ohio, on to the Mississippi, and out to the Gulf of Mexico.

The day waned; we retraced the way, looking once more at near and distant peaks, and the town at the mountain's base. Our slow old horse quickened his pace down the slope, for a storm was brewing. Amid the rain and the wind we boarded the train. Recrossing the river, we took a last look at the Blaine homestead of other days. It was dimly lighted, and the flickering lights and shadows formed a weird picture which most vividly lingers in the memory.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

BY AMOS PARKER WILDER (YALE).

THE University of Wisconsin is situated at the State Capital, Madison, a city of 18,000 population, eighty-five miles west of Milwaukee the metropolis of the State, and one hundred and thirty miles from Chicago.

The residents of most communities claim preëminent natural charms, and Madisonians rightfully so. Horace Greeley was not an effusive individual, but he concluded that Madison has "the most magnificent site of any inland town I ever saw." This remarkable statement has its chief explanation in the four lakes which decorate the place, and of which Longfellow sang :

"Four limpid lakes—four nalades,
Or sylvan dellies are these,
In flowing robes of azure dressed;
Four lovely handmaids, that uphold
Their shining mirrors rimmed with gold,
To the fair city in the West."

Wisconsin's University is pitched on one of a number of easy elevations which dot the city site. The base of "College Hill" is laved by "Mendota," a serene reach of water six miles in length and three and one-half miles to the opposite shore. Another lake but little smaller, "Monona," bounds the city, and public enterprise in Madison is taking the form of pleasure drives, a system being developed that shall enable the observer to take in all possibilities of nature's lavish gifts.

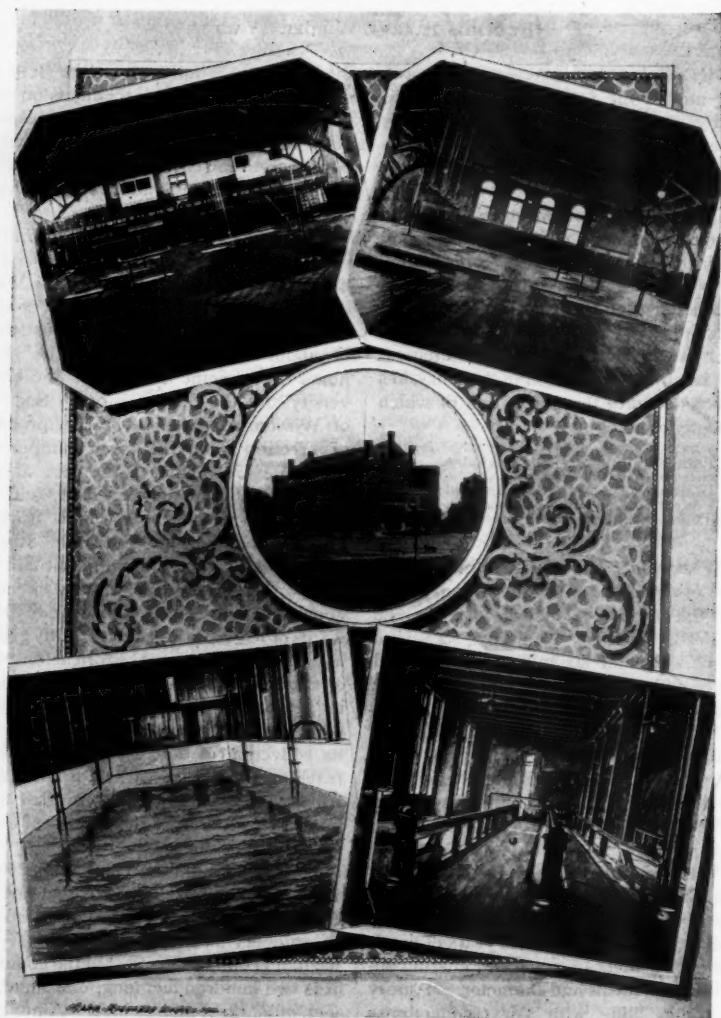
It is desirable that a University should be thus located in a scene of great natural beauty. It is not idle sentiment to believe that in the impressionable years of youth an environment of grace and charm contributes to ideals and character. Memory becomes hung with fair recollections; study and friendship and ambition are associated with grove and lake and pleasant prospect.

The University, as a seat of learning, dates from 1850. The early history of

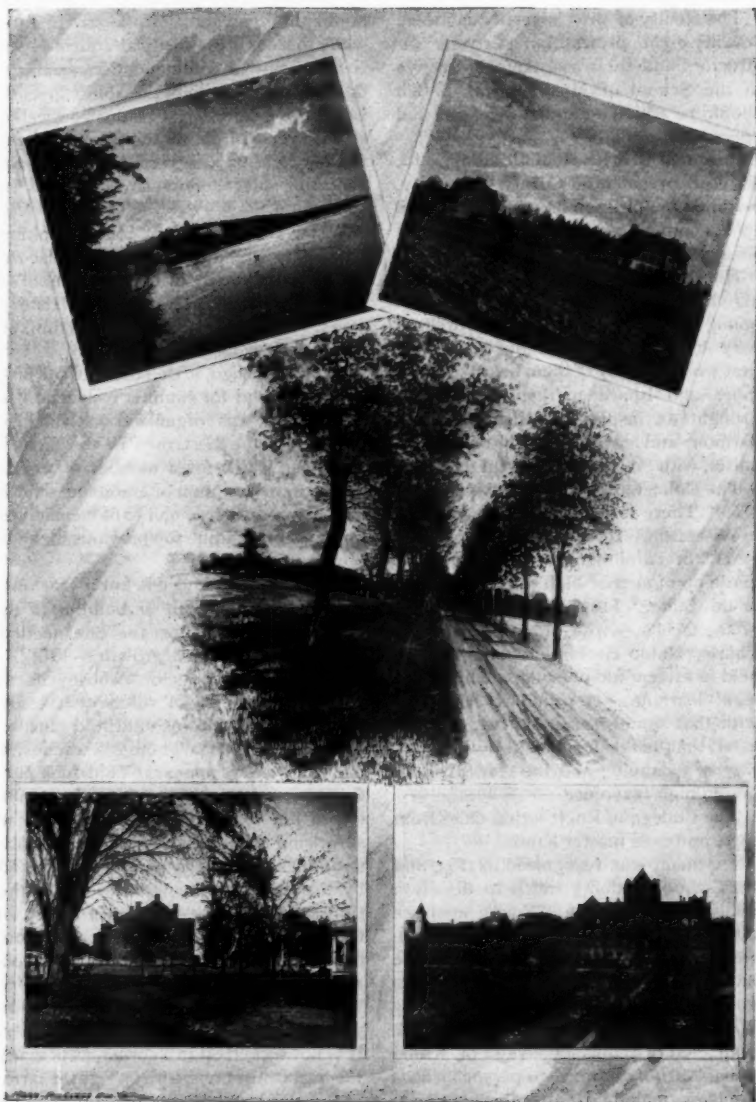
the institution is full of interest. It is a story of legislative encroachments on endowment and of untiring and successful effort to prove the right of higher public education to exist in a land and time when denominational institutions were very effective and influential.

Besides the general University Library, students have free use of the University Law Library, of the Library of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, and of the State Historical Library, in all consisting of about 250,000 volumes. The new home of the joint libraries of the University and the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, which is now in process of erection upon the lower campus of the State University, is to cost about \$350,000, as ultimately planned, and is destined to be one of the most beautiful public buildings in Wisconsin. It will probably be completed in the autumn of 1898. The Historical Library is now housed in the Capitol and contains upwards of 185,000 titles, and is rapidly growing. Among the great historical libraries of the United States, it takes third place; in genealogy and in material for the study of Western history, it is easily first; its collection of bound newspaper files, reaching back to the earliest English and American issues, is next in size and importance to that of the Library of Congress, at Washington.

The Gymnasium lies close to the lake and back of it is a \$5,000 boat-house, erected mainly through the contributions of students and graduates. The Gymnasium is one of the finest in the country. It is two hundred feet long, one hundred feet wide, three stories high. Among its features is a running-track of eleven laps to the mile, also a natatorium eighty feet long and twenty-eight feet wide, and a general gymnasium hall ninety-six feet wide and one hundred and sixty-five feet



THE GYMNASIUM, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.



SCENERY AROUND THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

in length. The building is filled with modern apparatus.

The faculty of the University numbers seventy-eight professors, thirty-six instructors and their assistants; with five in the School of Music, to which list should be added a number of fellows and special lecturers.

President Charles Kendall Adams, for six years president of Cornell University, assumed the position he now ably fills in 1892, combining sound scholarship with strong executive qualities.

He also shows excellent judgment in his choice of additions to the faculty,—young men possessed of the best preliminary training and ambitious to do the best work. Many of them bear the Baltimore and Ithaca marks. They have brought an inspiration with them, and harmony and zeal imbue the whole mechanism, with President Adams at the head.

The College of Law was established in 1868. There is but this one law school in Wisconsin. It is flourishing as respects extent of enrollment, and its faculty is made up of men of high rank at the bar in the State. Judge E. E. Bryant, dean of the faculty,—with whom is associated Charles Noble Gregory, a younger man, held in esteem for personal qualities and legal learning,—is peculiarly endowed with that sound sense and rugged character that make for the best things by way of example; and the students hold him in high reverence.

The College of Engineering dates from 1870, and is in master hands.

Pharmacy was recognized in 1883, and that school is doing much to dignify a really honorable craft. Young men are taking their places all over the Northwest, flanked by rows of bottles and the implements of relief, and their badges and proud air bespeak them as University boys with larger views of a drug store than merely fizzing soda water or selling panaceas for all woes to persons whose hopeless malady is atrophied common sense. It is occasionally suggested that a medical school be established, but the wiser heads reason that the study of suf-

fering humanity can more advantageously be conducted in the midst of a larger population than Madison affords. Meanwhile there is a pre-medical course especially worthy of commendation, securing the services of some of the ablest specialists in the faculty. Its graduates receive special recognition at the Rush Medical College, and have attracted attention by capturing first honors several times in succession.

When Doctor Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, accepted a call to the Wisconsin State University in 1892, the School of Economics, Political Science and History was established, with that famous thinker and author as its director.

A few years ago, in deference to the universal demand for summer instruction, a department was organized in which a number of the best men in the faculty teach and which for a number of weeks engages the attention of ambitious school teachers and others eager to fit themselves for work or to atone for previous meager opportunities.

The School of Music is but a year old. It has no endowment or building of its own as yet, but it has the one needed personality to ensure growth,—Prof. F. A. Parker, the director, whose choral union of hundreds of voices that essay the standard oratorios and hold musical festivals in which Thomas's orchestra and star soloists appear. That such performances can be successfully given in a city of but 18,000 population will appear surprising to those who know the attendant difficulties. It is partially explained by the fact that the auditorium in the Gymnasium is the finest northwest of Chicago, and many come from remote points to hear a concert under such favorable circumstances.

The Agricultural School is a very important department of the University. It is not tucked off in a corner, as in many Eastern institutions, a "sop" to the farmers of the legislature; nor is it crippled for funds and equipment, on the theory that while it must be kept alive, it is not necessary that it should flourish. The

College of Agriculture in Madison is rich in great buildings; its faculty are men, some of them with foreign reputations, among them Professor Babcock, inventor of the "Babcock Milk Test," a stupendous benefaction enjoyed in every country in the world. All the resources and opportunities of the University are open to the students of agriculture. The faculty includes some dozen professors and instructors who give their entire time to this specialty, headed by Prof. W. A. Henry, whom New York recently attempted to secure by the most flattering inducements to care for the agricultural interests of that great State. The variety and scientific character of the work done are suggested by some of the departments assigned to the faculty: Agricultural Chemistry, Animal Husbandry, Horticulture and Economic Entomology, Agricultural Physics, Chemistry, Bacteriology, Dairy Husbandry and Veterinary Science. The making of butter and cheese is taught practically in a model dairy building, the output being sold in the markets all the year round. Some seventy farmers daily bring milk to the building to be worked into the delicious products of the dairy. At the Experiment Station farm are inexhaustible fields for investigation. Here by practical experiment valuable conclusions are reached, the results of which are published in bulletins for home and foreign circulation. The mailing list embraces some eight thousand names of farmers and others to whom the reports and bulletins are regularly sent. "Farmers' Institutes" are an important part of the work of the University, and are a most valuable medium of promoting sympathy and interest between the people of the State and their University. A superintendent with five instructors and some thirty assistants each winter holds sessions of two days each in localities which show the greatest interest in the movement. In the past year one hundred and seven winter institutes were held, in addition to eleven cooking schools and ten summer institutes attended by an aggregate of 50,000 people. Some three

or four lecturers are assigned to each institute; the farmers drive in from miles around with their families; there is an exhibit of local products, and social features make the institute a genuine good time.

University Extension is now a recognized branch of the work of the University and under the diligent conduct of Prof. Jerome H. Raymond, formerly of the University of Chicago, is doing a notable work in carrying the benefits of the University to those who cannot come to Madison for them. During the year 1895-6, fifty-seven courses of lectures were given by members of the University instructional force. These lectures were given by nineteen different lecturers, in forty-three different cities. The courses embrace six lectures each, given weekly. A new feature of University Extension work has just been adopted. This is a system of instruction by correspondence, which bids fair to be more far-reaching in its results than the lecture system.

In the year 1884-5 the total enrollment of students in attendance in various departments of the University was 405; in 1888-9, 722. Even as late as 1892-3, the enrollment was 1,287 as compared with 1,600 in the year just closed. These students represented twenty-three States, 188 of the total number being from States other than Wisconsin. The great increase in attendance is also noted in the Law School, the present attendance being 222 as against 38 in 1884-5.

The students average older in years than at most Eastern institutions, and with this comes increased earnestness. Many of the young men have had experience in one line or another, usually teaching, often in business, before coming to Madison, and they come with a purpose. While it is true that absolute cessation from habits of study for a term of years robs the mind of a certain elasticity and aptitude, yet such young persons as we have in view do not wholly abandon the intellectual life in the hard years when perhaps manual toil may engross them; and, indeed, they bring a seriousness, a

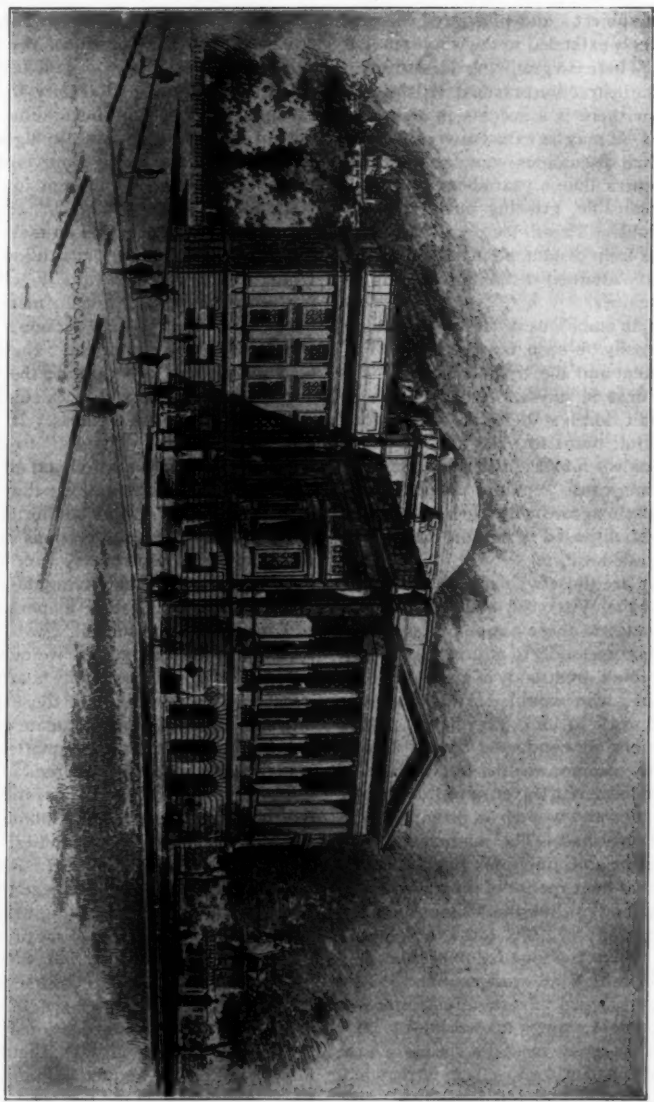
determination to make the most of their time, which quite puts them on an equality with the more favored ones who slip without break from the preparatory school into the college classes. Every college man is familiar with that firm purpose and plodding industry of the fellow who enters college late. He has been among men, he realizes to the full the fleeting opportunities of campus days and he has no time for idleness or folly. His studies are directly related to bread and butter, he often has a wife and home already in full view; he is therefore a rival to be feared in the arena of scholarship. Not all the student body, however, are sons of toil, though it is the boast of this institution — and it will be a sorry day when it ceases to be true — that these young people represent the "common people" of Wisconsin. Here they are — German, Scandinavian, Polish, native-born, young men and women of many nationalities and religious faiths, working out their destiny together, welded into one mass of ambitious Americans.

In former years it was the custom of many well-to-do families to send their children to Eastern institutions. In many instances the parents were moved by a sense of loyalty to their own *alma mater*; the prestige was a consideration and there was a feeling, not without reason, that the advantages in the older institutions were superior. But with the marked development in the University of Wisconsin within the past decade, comparison is no longer dreaded, and in the student body are now many representatives of families abundantly able to educate their children anywhere. It is significant that in the class graduation two years ago were sons of United States Senator Vilas and ex-Senator Spooner, both of whom, by the way, are themselves graduates. A "U. W." enthusiast of 1896 is quite indignant if one endeavors to compare his institution with Western universities alone; he maintains, and with cause, that in point of equipment, in buildings, in the talent of the instructional force, the University of Wisconsin is fully able

to meet the proud claims of Harvard and Yale and Johns Hopkins.

The latest catalogue lists 125 graduate students scattered among all departments, the College of Agriculture and Engineering included. Of these 22 were "fellows" teaching a few hours each week. This indicates the distinctive character of the educational effort in Madison — the best work and highest possible advancement. The individual is not submerged in the mass. The practice of special research and original investigation is dominant. Specialists find this University congenial. The theory is that the rank and file of the student body will be inspired, not neglected, if every facility and encouragement is provided for those who would not only do well, but excel. The men in command maintain that the equipment and instruction must be so complete that the youth and talent and money of this Northwestern country shall be kept at home.

It is doubtful if one can find an Economic Department in the United States more "up to date" than that conducted by the eminent Ely and his inspiring associate, Scott. One must cast about for some time even in the seats of learning on the Atlantic coast for instructors more authoritative than Barnes in botany, Birge in biology, Whitney in engineering, Turner in history, Smith in Greek, Van Hise in geology; and there are other names that equally command attention. As a rule these heads of departments are not old men with merely an illustrious past; but men in their prime, now winning their laurels, and they have enthusiasm and motive for bright minds that would drink deep of the Pierian spring. All the professors and instructors in the College of Engineering are men of practical experience, and it is an unwritten law that only such shall be engaged. Graduates of this department readily find vacancies waiting for them. Advanced and original work is the call all along the line. It shows itself in the contributions of the faculty to technical magazines. Scarcely had the Roentgen ray been heralded from Germany before



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the young men of the Physics faculty were adding material to the world's knowledge of that subject; and illustrated lectures were freely extended to the whole student body. There is a gratifying disposition to make the instruction practical. All through the year there is a succession of special lectures—it may be exhaustive courses or individual discussions—not cut and dried in the curriculum a year ahead, but fresh and applicable, growing out of present conditions. These lecturers are often brought from distant points and are men who have attained distinction in their respective lines.

Such an ambitious system of education, it can easily be seen, is expensive. The equipment and the trained ability to develop ideas in physiological psychology for a half dozen students may cost more than a full outfit to pour geometry and easy English into one hundred commercial Americans. But the people of the State are in accord with the larger policy and seem disposed to support the highest things in education.

There are those who question the wisdom of the Wisconsin plan. There are universities in these newer States whose policy is confessedly to educate as rapidly as possible a great body of students, leaving those who would do the most advanced work to look elsewhere. These institutions are conducted on the theory that the commonwealths in which they are situated need a leaven of well-informed young men and women as promptly as it can be furnished. The inference is that thus bright and ambitious pupils are not favored at the expense of the mass of the student body. But the Wisconsin plan by no means neglects the average student. There is a foundation of thorough work in which all are grounded. The plan of original investigation interests every student, though his work must necessarily in many cases be simple. The study of history, for instance, is pursued on the plan of individual research; and

those familiar with this plan know that a thorough mastery of a few topics not only ensures those, but throws out lines that reach far into the domain of the whole subject. Association, too, with advanced students, and the opportunity to equal them, are a constant inspiration. The best of everything looking to highest attainment in the respective lines is at hand and the conditions are present for excellence for all engaged in study.

It is said by those able to make comparison that in no other institution in the United States is there equally good opportunity for young men to master the important art of "talking on one's feet." The societies, etc., are many; the rivalry is of the keenest description; the honor accorded the successful is calculated to stimulate to the best efforts. It is not unusual for "joint debaters" to devote the entire summer vacation and all other leisure hours to preparation; they make long journeys to consult authorities and to secure practical observations bearing on the theme in controversy; and the reports of the great event giving the debate in full take rank in the permanent literature bearing on the subject.

Apart from the young women over whom a matron keeps kindly but diligent watch in Ladies' Hall, and those fraternity and sorority groups fortunate enough to own or rent their own quarters, the students live with the hundreds of families which take "roomers," and this practice of increasing income obtains with many of the city's best families, which ensures desirable environment. Roughly speaking, one-fifth of our college population is made up of girls, young women of Wisconsin, as a rule. Some are preparing themselves for teachers, but the great number take the college course as the "next thing" when a high school course is finished, and drift unconsciously on to the degree of "E. M." ("Eligible for Matrimony"), as frequent alliances between graduates plainly indicate.

LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS.

MEMOIRS OF THEIR GREAT DEBATES IN '58 AND A JUDICIAL ESTIMATE
OF THE MEN AND OF THE PRINCIPLES AND POLICIES
FOR WHICH THEY STOOD.

BY DANIEL EVANS. *

I. HISTORY LEADING DOWN TO THE DEBATES.

THE joint debates between Lincoln and Douglas, which occurred at seven prominent places in Illinois in the summer and fall of 1858, belong to a class of events which needs the perspective of years for the disclosure of their full effects.

In that time closely precedent to the outbreak of the Civil War the people felt they were dealing with events of the gravest consequences. To this conviction must be attributed the serious earnestness of the vast crowds that pressed close to the speakers wherever they went. The orderliness and decorum of the multitudes suggested an attendance on some religious function.

Senator Douglas had shown himself to be the ablest Senate debater on the Slavery Question, then engaging the attention of Congress and of the public; and, at that time, there were special circumstances which aroused the enthusiasm of his friends and inspired his political enemies with a personal interest. He had lately endeared himself to his Illinois supporters by his courageous and indefatigable opposition to the effort of President Buchanan and a large majority of the Democratic senators and representatives in Congress to force Kansas into the Union as a Slave State, under the Lecompton Constitution. This Constitution was the product of fraud and violence, and was the "high-water mark" effort of the slavery propagandists to extend the "institution," irrespective of the will, and against the desire, of majorities, in order to secure a broader basis of po-

litical power for further encroachment. At least, the people of the Free States, with considerable unanimity, so regarded it. One of its provisions prevented the people from changing the clauses establishing slavery for a period of ten years after its adoption. Douglas had been accused of sympathy with the purposes of the slavery propaganda. He had been charged with repealing the Missouri Compromise—in the bill organizing the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska—for the sole purpose of allowing the spread of slavery therein. His enemies did not hesitate to allege that the reference of the question of slavery, in this

*Judge Daniel Evans, of Chicago, was early in the Fifties editor of the *La Salle Herald*. In 1855 he was one of the secretaries of the Illinois Senate. He knew Lincoln and Douglas personally and heard several of the debates about which he writes so interestingly and with such gratifying fairness. Speaking of the incidents leading down to the election of Judge Trumbull for United States Senator, over Lincoln, Shields and Matteson, the Republicans throwing their votes for Trumbull on the advice of Lincoln, Judge Evans in a letter to the editor says he met Mr. Lincoln in the State Library a few days after Trumbull's election, in 1855, and was struck with Lincoln's frank avowal of his own personal disappointment at the outcome which he himself had advised. "I remember saying to him, 'The future, Mr. Lincoln, holds great possibilities.' 'Yes,' he responded, thoughtfully, 'It is safe to say Providence rules, but He doesn't rule our way.' And then he smilingly added, 'We are poor guessers.'" In 1858, Mr. Evans was among the number of those who thought Douglas ought to be returned to the Senate because of his vote against the admission of Kansas as a Slave State. Happening in Washington during President Lincoln's first term, Mr. Evans was surprised by an appointment as consul to Bilbao, Spain. Calling on his friend, the President, to express his gratification, Mr. Lincoln said to him: "The Douglas men have supported me quite as freely as my best friends. I believe they have received more army commissions than the Republicans, and," he added, thoughtfully and deliberately, "I don't know why their recognition should be limited to the military service." That it was so limited thereafter was, Judge Evans thinks, the work of partisans and not the desire of the President.—[Ed.]

bill, to the action of the people of the Territories, when they should come to form a constitution, preparatory to admission into the Union as a State, was a pretentious fraud, and that some means would be found to defeat the will of the voters, if expressed against slavery.

The events leading up to the formation of the Lecompton Constitution put Douglas's sincerity to test. He met the question as his friends believed he would meet it. He brushed aside the offered presidency—for no one doubted it was within his grasp had he supported Bu-

question of slavery in the formation of new States out of Territories.

Kansas, by geographical situation, invited Southern immigration. Border inhabitants of Slave States flocked thither in organized bands, not for the purpose of permanent residence, but to control elections. Notwithstanding these advantages, and the terrorism exercised to intimidate immigrants and prevent settlements by Northern people, "a fair count of hands" showed the slavery supporters to be in a minority. It was a contest between the stationary population of the



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LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS IN 1858.

chanan—and, ranging himself in opposition to nearly all the Democratic senators and representatives, faithfully stood by the rights of the people of Kansas, as secured to them by the bill organizing the Territory. Men who had wavered in their fidelity to Douglas, under the adroit and constant imputation of unworthy motives in the repeal of the 36° 30' line, after his vote against admitting Kansas as a Slave State, were desirous of atoning for their former distrust by vigorous efforts to reëlect him to the Senate. The people of the Northern States began to feel that to the principle of "squatter sovereignty" might be safely trusted the

Slave States and the rapidly increasing inhabitants of the Free States; between the restless energy of the latter and the inactivity of the former. The subsequent acts of secession of States from the Federal Union had their vital roots in the results and outcome of the ineffectual efforts to make Kansas a Slave State. It was evident that political power had passed to the North.

In consequence of the declared purpose of Buchanan, and of the pro-slavery Democrats, to defeat Douglas, his reelection would, necessarily, be a great personal triumph or a humiliation; and he had entered upon the canvass in such

a masterful way and under such inspiration that his success was coming to be a matter of general belief.

The great service rendered by Douglas in defeating the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution had forcibly impressed Republicans in other States; and many distinguished leaders of that party, outside of Illinois, were of the opinion that he should be returned to the Senate, if not with the indorsement of the party, at least without its opposition, as a tribute to his magnificent courage in opposing the whole administration influence in its efforts to establish slavery in Kansas, and in maintaining that the promises to the people of Kansas should be kept in good faith.

But this opinion had little weight with the Republican politicians of Illinois. Douglas had been the special object of denunciation by them. Every unworthy motive had been attributed to him by partisan newspapers. He had been intemperately denounced from the pulpit and on the platform. As evidence of the effect of this vituperation, a mob including thousands of people had denied him a hearing on his return to Chicago from Washington in 1854, after the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. The prominent Republicans of the State saw in Douglas the chief obstacle to their success in previous elections, and were not able to carry their vision over the field of local defeat to witness with approbation, or even satisfaction, his efforts in the Senate to give effect to the will of the people.

Although Douglas was conducting his canvass with the energy that seemed to make his victory reasonably assured, it was not overlooked that President Buchanan had organized, out of Federal officers and others, a Democratic party of his own, which claimed to be the "only and original" Democratic party. This organization held a State convention in June, 1858, at Springfield; declared Douglas a traitor to the party, and resolved to run candidates for the legislature in all districts where such action would most injure the Douglas men and

help the Republicans. This was the reading between the lines of all this convention resolved, and it was a condition not without encouragement and inspiration to the opponents of Douglas; and it was the ground of Douglas's charge in his speeches that Lincoln was seeking the support of the Lecompton Democrats, or pro-slavery men, to secure his election.

A Republican convention held at Springfield a few days later nominated Lincoln as the candidate for the Senate. Lincoln's friends insisted that he had been unfairly defeated for senator in 1855. A few men who had been elected to the Legislature of the session of 1854-5, and known as "anti-Nebraska Democrats," happened to hold the "balance of power," and were in position to achieve, and did achieve, the election of Lyman Trumbull, an "anti-Nebraska Democrat," to the Senate. It is just to say that the candidacy of Judge Trumbull resulted from doubt of the ability to combine the necessary vote to elect Mr. Lincoln.

The convention that nominated Lincoln as the Republican candidate for senator, against Douglas, was intended to emphasize the unanimity of the party in designating him as its candidate, and to guard if possible against any such combinations as had resulted in the election of Trumbull.

His speech in this convention, after the nomination, is among the ablest Lincoln ever delivered. He attempted to show that the principle of leaving the question of slavery to the people of a Territory was a delusion and a fraud. A reference of the question to the people was the method of conciliation adopted by Congress in what was known as the Compromise Measures of 1850 in order to quiet the agitation attending the admission of California, and it had been proclaimed by the national conventions of the Whig and Democratic parties as a final solution of the struggle between those who sought to prohibit the existence of slavery in the Territories by act of Congress and those who sought its establishment by positive legislation.

Notwithstanding this supposed finality, Lincoln declared that the agitation had not only not ceased, but had constantly augmented, and expressed the belief that it would continue to augment until the country would be "all Slave or all Free." His statement that "a house divided against itself cannot stand," and his belief in either the extinction or the universal prevalence of slavery throughout the Union, furnished much material for the subsequent debates between himself and Douglas.

The senatorial contest was, therefore, not a mere clash of great personal ambitions. It involved distinct and radically opposite policies concerning the Slavery Question; and the more it was discussed the more the nation seemed hopelessly divided. There was the extraordinary spectacle of a party hostile to the admission of more Slave States into the Union coöperating with Buchanan's Lecompton pro-slavery organization to defeat the man who had balked Buchanan and his co-schemers to make Kansas a Slave State against the will of the people.

Illinois at the time could be safely counted a Democratic State; and to vanquish Douglas was no easy undertaking. It was well known that President Buchanan desired the election of Lincoln over that of Douglas. His supreme desire was to beat the man who had defied him, and who, when the President recalled to Douglas the fate of Calhoun in opposing Jackson, replied, "But, Mr. President, Jackson is dead." But, while the Lecompton - Buchanan opposition to Douglas inspired Republicans with hopes of success and encouraged them to the activities which are prerequisites of success, it must be remembered that these same circumstances moved the friends of Douglas to tireless exertion.

In July following his nomination, Lincoln replied at Chicago to a speech made by Douglas there, and also at Bloomington to one made there; and, in the last days of this month, came an invitation from Lincoln to Douglas to a joint discussion, which resulted in an agreement

to that end, and by the terms of which there were to be seven debates at different cities in the State, the first speaker to have one hour, the reply to be one hour and a half, and the answer to the reply to be half an hour.

This invitation was an original suggestion of Lincoln's, consented to by the Republican State Committee. There was a dash of daring in the challenge, which of itself was a call and an inspiration to Lincoln's friends. It was variously interpreted at the time. Its real cause, perhaps, lay in the conviction of the State Committee that the enthusiastic reception Douglas was meeting wherever he went augured his success. His masterful and dexterous way, as his friends claimed, his disingenuous way, as his enemies asserted, of placing the whole blame of the slavery agitation, and the perils to which Kansas had been subjected, on the refusal of the Abolitionists, "Free-Soilers" and Republicans to abide by the Missouri Compromise, and their refusal to extend it over the acquisitions of territory from Mexico, made him friends among those who had condemned him for the part he had taken in the repeal of that measure in the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. He showed that two-thirds of all the territory annexed as the result of the Mexican War was north of the 36° 30' line, and secured to freedom thereby; that California was a Free State, and made so by the people when they came to ask for admission into the Union; that the rapid growth of the population of the Northern States, the immigration of people hostile to slavery, and the adventurous and colonizing character of the Northern people, were the best guaranties against the spread of slavery. But, in any event, he maintained, the abstract right of the people of each State to determine the question of their domestic institutions (in which slavery was included) was secured to them under the Constitution, and the existence and the recognition of that right was of infinitely more importance than any injury which could result by its exercise in establishing slavery. The Compromise Bill of 1850

and the Nebraska Bill, for which he had been so abused, gave to the people of a Territory asking admission as a State, rights which they would have as a State.

The use Douglas made of the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott Case, which held Congress incapable of inhibiting slavery from a Territory—and that, therefore, the Missouri Compromise was unconstitutional—appeared a vindication of his action in repealing it. Lincoln believed he should be able to drive Douglas from his contention that the people of a territory could, under the Dred Scott decision, control the question of slavery. He averred that this decision deprived the people of a Territory of all right of legislation against slavery, and made it their legal duty to guard and protect the rights of property in slaves that had been brought into a Territory by their masters, and that, therefore, the right to regulate their own institutions, in their own way, which Douglas insisted was secured to the people of a Territory by the Nebraska Bill, and which was its preëminent merit, was wholly void, and inoperative. If, as was Lincoln's contention, slavery existed by force of the Constitution in a Territory during its transition to a State, its property rights and connected interests would continue its existence after statehood should be attained; and, therefore, the proviso in the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, called at the time, in derision, "the stump speech in the belly of the bill," which declared that its purpose was neither to introduce nor to prohibit slavery in the Territories, but to leave the people thereof free to form and regulate their own domestic institutions (a euphemistic expression meaning slavery), in their own way, was merely a pretense, and designed to mislead and deceive the people. How Douglas parried this argument will be seen in the course of the debates. Public discussion of political questions between those seeking the suffrages of the people is not, nor was, an unusual incident of election campaigns. Party managers value it, generally, as a means of stirring up partisan

activity and preventing a waning interest. It serves to confirm prejudices if it do not change votes, and its memory ordinarily dies with the circumstances originating it.

II. THE DEBATES BETWEEN THE TWO GREAT LEADERS.

The debates between Lincoln and Douglas were unlike the ordinary discussions between rival candidates. If you were to ask anyone who listened to them, even at this stretch of time since their occurrence, you would be likely to find that he remembers some statement or argument which carried conviction and controlled his vote. In a preëminent degree these debates were opinion-forming. They freed men's minds from doubt with respect to the questions involved, and assisted them to definite conclusions. In an effective way they created the attitude of the public mind, from which, within a *quinquennium* of years, came such large results to the Nation. These debates had the quality of doing this, not so much because they covered the whole story of Congressional action respecting slavery, from the Ordinance of 1787 to the attempt to admit Kansas as a State under the Lecompton Constitution in 1857-8, but because they resurrected from the historical shadows which hid them from view, the Colonial antagonisms which made the work of framing the Federal Constitution difficult.

Douglas insisted that the same spirit of deference and yielding which brought all the States into the Federal union was necessary to its continuance, and characterized the decline of fraternal feeling, and of the compromising tendency, as a decline of patriotism.

Lincoln, in turn, insisted that what Douglas regarded as a decline of patriotism marked a distinct advance in morals, a more earnest faith in the equality of the rights of men—and a stronger purpose to enforce that equality.

Douglas forcibly pressed the sanctities of the concessions, between the opposing interests, of the several colonies, on slav-

ery and its allied questions, by which the results of the war with Great Britain were secured in the framework of the National Government. He laid emphasis on the practical moralities of obedience to law, and the fulfillment of pledges. If, therefore, the framers of the Constitution and the makers of the Nation had thought and believed as Mr. Lincoln thought and believed, the convention of 1787 at Philadelphia would have failed. Had they shared the opinions of Mr. Lincoln, he vigorously and adroitly urged, the Federal union of the States into one nation would have been impossible. The abstract morality underlying the questions and compromises was the same in 1787 as in 1858. It is regrettable that there is a conflict between abstract and what may be called political morals, but it is no modern difficulty and arises from the fact, which may cease to be a fact in some far-off time, when "the forces that make for man, in spite of himself," shall have more completely realized themselves in human action, that the jurist, as well as statesman, derives his principles of action at times from other sources than the speculative moralist—from the laws and usages of men and nations—although these laws and usages may not embody the highest conception of right at the time of their adoption. The moralist is not disturbed by questions of frontier and has the world for the field of his humane activities, while State lines fetter the action of the citizen. The duties of citizenship often oblige to non-action against the moral impulse. The peace of nations outweighs many considerations.

Mr. Lincoln in this notable canvass stood against the wrong of slavery, and maintained the right and the duty of prohibiting its extension to the Territories. He found in the provisions of the Constitution ample authority for adequate restrictive legislation. He claimed the Ordinance of 1787, excluding slavery from the Northwest Territory, was more than a precedent; it was the sentiment of humanity hastening to put limitations around the horrors of the institution as it existed in the States. It was voted for by many

of the men who had helped to frame the Federal Constitution, and expressed not only their opinion of slavery and their desire for its restriction, but their belief that the terms of the Constitution give ample powers to limit it. These arguments were before the people of the State in the speeches made by Douglas and by Lincoln prior to the challenge for public discussion.

The first debate occurred at Ottawa, on the 21st of August, 1858. This discussion had an interest beyond any of the subsequent debates. The Democrats were eager and jubilant. They believed their champion, who had fairly carried off the honors in Senate debate with the ablest representatives of the Free-soil party, would soon put Mr. Lincoln to confusion. There were not a few of them, however, who were quite assured that Lincoln would acquit himself creditably, but imagined that Douglas's greater familiarity with debate, and his experience "in short-range passage at arms," would place Lincoln in embarrassing and inconsistent positions.

The Republicans, even those who best knew Lincoln and knew his force as a political orator, were uncertain how he would bear himself in the closer range, and in those exigencies of debate which require presence of mind, familiarity with facts, and aptness. Both Lincoln and Douglas had the rare power of using, at will, all their mental resources.

The day was fine and the attendance counted many thousands. The standing crowds of people showed as much interest at the close as at the commencement of the speeches.

Douglas opened the discussion. He had, at times, the bearing of one who thought the challenge an act of impertinence. There was a seeming lack of courtesy in the manner and substance of a few expressions, which might be interpreted as a sense of discomfort, which some of his closely observing friends regretted, and for which they found palliation in the conviction that Buchanan's party of Federal office-holders, and those who ex-

pected benefits from Federal patronage, and those who were really in sympathy with the schemes of Southern politicians, were all co-working with Republicans. While there was nothing unjust or of questionable fairness in the Republican party's availing itself of the separation of the Buchanan contingent of the Democratic party, or of the active coöperation of these separatists to secure success, yet it was an irritating condition to the friends of Douglas.

As the outline of Douglas's argument defined itself, it was apparent that Lincoln had to give account for a change of opinion on the questions which had caused the organization of the Republican party. Lincoln had been an "old line Whig." The Whig National Convention, that in 1852 nominated General Scott for President, adopted resolutions supporting the Compromise Measures of 1850, integral parts of which were non-intervention by Congress with slavery in the Territories and the faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave Law. Douglas declared that in 1852 he and Lincoln were together on the points that now separated them, and he emphasized the wide departure of Lincoln from the doctrines of the last Whig National Convention. In 1854 the newly organized Republican party held a mass State Convention in Springfield, and resolved for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, because no authority to pass such a law was vested by the Constitution in Congress, but the power was confided to the discretion of the several States; and for the prohibition of slavery in all the Territories; and against the acquisition of any more territory, unless the prohibition of slavery were a condition precedent. Douglas declared that Lincoln had undertaken to make these new doctrines palatable to his Whig conferees, and when the new party should come into power he was to be rewarded with an election to the Senate. The Republican party was composed largely of Whigs in the central and southern parts of the State, and in the Northern part of radical Abolitionists. The party was too new, its *esprit du corps*

too feebly developed, to have effaced all memory of former party affiliations among its constituents. If, therefore, Mr. Lincoln should make answer to certain questions which Douglas had submitted, it was believed that such answers as would be satisfactory in one part of the State would be condemned in another. Douglas doubtless desired the answers to be satisfactory to the radical elements of the party, for the reason that the Republican majorities in the legislative districts in the Northern counties were so large that he did not expect to overcome them.

Although Lincoln had been a Whig, and had been sent to Congress by the Whigs, and had a large personal following in the Southern and Central counties, yet those of them who had given in their adhesion to the Republican party were dominated by memories of their great leader, Henry Clay, to whose justly great influence must be attributed the passage of the Compromise Measures of 1850.

The circumstances which induced Clay to resume his place in the Senate after a retirement from public life forever, as he intended, strongly appealed to the admiration of his old supporters. He knew the peril to the unity of the States which attended the controversy resulting from the acquisition of the territory from Mexico; and the fact that he believed the agreement reached in the Compromise Measures of 1850 that there should not be further Congressional action on the question of slavery in the Territories, and that the whole power of Congress should be given to the people of each Territory prior to and when seeking admission as a State, was a practical solution of the difficulty — a *modus vivendi* — which patriotic men would support, and which would remove the most dangerous obstacle from the path of the Nation; and further, that he had gone to his grave in this belief and hope had given to these measures, among his friends, not a little sanctity.

The Republican platform of 1858 was in direct opposition to that of the last Whig National Convention on the ques

tion of the Fugitive Slave Law, and on the question of the prohibition of slavery in the Territories; and Douglas expected to show what a revolution had taken place in Mr. Lincoln's opinions, within six years, as in 1852 he had advocated the election of General Scott to the presidency and defended the Compromises of 1850. In a few legislative districts it did not require many votes to change their party character, and Douglas hoped to capture the needed votes by showing Lincoln's present attitude of opposition to what he but recently had supported. Admiration of Henry Clay and the veneration in which his name was held were the instrumentalities which were to be used to reduce Mr. Lincoln's special following in the Central and Southern counties. Douglas, in pursuance of his plan of debate, desired to know, and requested Lincoln to state, whether he stood as in 1854, in favor of the unconditional repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, whether he was opposed to the admission of any more Slave States into the Union, and whether he was in favor of Congressional prohibition of slavery in the existing, and to the acquisition of additional, territory, unless slavery should be inhibited.

At the conclusion of his speech there was not a little anxiety to know how Mr. Lincoln would answer the questions propounded. He had been charged with having entered into a political bargain with the pro-slavery men to secure a senatorship, or at least a willingness to help Buchanan revenge himself on Douglas, and there was so much earnest opposition to slavery among the masses of the Republicans present that any such bargain appeared repulsive. Would Mr. Lincoln be equal to the emergency and save the Whig vote in the doubtful districts, and not offend the earnest anti-slavery men?

When he began his reply the moment seemed a fateful one. His political friends and the managers of the party did not doubt he would conduct his argument forcibly, but whether he would offend the conservative elements—the draftage from the Whig into the Republican party—as

Douglas hoped he would; or, in his effort not to do so, would be able to meet the expectations of the extremists, was the apprehension. The noisy applause which greeted the conclusion of Douglas's speech sank into absolute silence. The clapping of hands and the cheers that met Mr. Lincoln as he walked to the front of the platform showed the adherents of each were about equally numerous and well interspersed in the crowd.

Lincoln had a peculiar manner in the commencement of his speeches which seemed to incorporate the audience with himself, by which he became its spokesman,—its organ of expression,—rather than its instructor. He had the rare and profound faculty of identifying himself with those to whom he talked. He and his audience were, mutually, in each other's confidence, and, as a consequence, it shared the responsibility of his utterance. This relation between Mr. Lincoln and those whom he addressed was not, I think, an effect of personal magnetism, but sprung rather from an assumption or implication of a mutual interest in the subject in hand, which grew, under his speech, into a feeling of coöperation in reaching the truth and right of the matter under discussion. His audience had as much responsibility as he in discovering the truth, and he was assisting them.

Mr. Lincoln was wary. He did not purpose to help Mr. Douglas to the partially republicanized Whig vote the latter was seeking. He frankly acknowledged that the Southern people were no more responsible for the origin of slavery than the Northern people. He admitted the difficulty of "getting rid" of it in any satisfactory way, and he did not blame them (the Southern States) for not doing what he did not know himself how to do. He said:

If all earthly power were given to me I should not know what to do as to the existing institution. Shall we free the slaves and keep them among us as underlings? Is it certain that this betters their condition? Free them and make them, politically and socially, our equals? My own feelings will not admit of this, and if

mine would, those of the great mass of white people would not.

Whether this feeling accords with justice and sound judgment, is not the sole question, if, indeed, it is any part of it. A universal feeling cannot be safely disregarded whether well or ill-founded.

Here, evidently, was no visionary moralist who proposed to overturn institutions and set aside laws because they did not accord with his notion of morals. He had previously stated: "I think I would not hold one negro in slavery; at any rate, my impulse would be to free him." His abhorrence of slavery, instead of obscuring the difficulties of the situation, which a law-maker was bound to consider, only made them the more apparent. He had in a few sentences impressed these difficulties on the radical Abolitionists in attendance. Among those present, counted as his friends, there were men the compass of whose reasoning was; "Slavery is wrong; therefore, anything that destroys it is right"—men not used to weighing conflicting obligations, and unwilling to follow a line of action deflected from the contact of opposing duties. Under a purely moral government it would seem that opposing moral obligations were impossible, but in the mixed actions of men the clash is often imminent and sometimes inevitable.

Lincoln continued, in order that there might be no doubt where he stood:

I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no right to do so lawfully.

There was nothing to be found in these declarations that could be translated into an opinion that the "Constitution was a covenant with Death," and, therefore, not obligatory on the consciences of the citizens. Freely admitting that he held to no ideas of social or political equality with the negroes, as Douglas charged

him with entertaining, or as necessarily resulting from his opinions, he declared that was all the more reason why justice should not be denied to them.

In concluding this part of his address, his frankness and evident sincerity had won for him the approbation of the Democrats, although, as they well knew, such opinions were not going to lose him votes among his Whig friends. He showed how facily he could move the feelings of his auditors at times.

He said that the negro is not, as we know him, the equal of Judge Douglas, perhaps not the equal of the speaker, as he modestly and with no affectation of humility put it, his face breaking into smiles; and then assuming a look of great seriousness, his voice taking a tone of solemnity, his tall form rising to its full height, as if his earnestness were seeking expansion, his eyes overlooking the audience, giving him the appearance of such self-absorption as to be unconscious of its presence, he declared, in tones that penetrated clearly and distinctly the listening multitudes: "In his right to eat the bread his own hands earn he is the equal of Judge Douglas, or of any other man."

The sentence and the manner of its delivery left a thrill upon the audience, and the applause grew in intensity as the full purport of the declaration manifested itself. The statement specially pleased those who feared that Lincoln might be hindered or hampered by Whig tradition. The people knew and felt that all forms of slavery were inconsistent with a belief in the right of a man to possess the earnings of his own hand, so feelingly announced, and extreme men in the Republican party, men who detested all compromises with slavery, were confirmed in their conviction that questions connected with the rights of a slave could be safely trusted to Lincoln.

[*To be Concluded in December.*]

Women's Club Department.

CLUB NOTES.

BY HARRIET C. TOWNER.

The celebration of the semi-centennial anniversary of the birth of Iowa, held at Burlington, October 1-8, was an event of general interest. Our State has not yet arrived at that period of reflective maturity when such events are valued at their full worth as inspirations of progress and patriotism; still it may be said the celebration was a success. It was an interesting, dignified, and even enthusiastic event. In these times of financial and political stress, when our people are engaged in the most engrossing and vital campaign of modern times, something might be allowed if realization did not come up to the expectations of the sanguine, or quite satisfy the ideals of its projectors. But no voice of criticism is heard, and praise is everywhere given Burlington for the enthusiasm and vigor with which she managed and sustained the celebration.

To club women especial interest lay in the fact that one of its eight days was "Woman's Day," and that the program for that day was under the auspices of the Burlington Federation of Woman's Clubs. We may be pardoned a degree of exultation in the bare fact that Woman had a day,—that an event of such character was deemed incomplete without such clear recognition of Woman's worth and work in the building of a State. And surely we may indulge in felicitation that it was deemed safe to entrust even a single day to her sole supervision and control. It was not without serious misgivings in certain quarters that this was done. It was predicted that the attendance on the day set apart to women would be less than on any other, and of little interest to the general public. But the Coliseum was filled to its utmost capacity, and no such devoted interest in the program was shown by the audiences on any other day; while in its tone of culture, earnest purpose and lofty thought, the day was an inspiration and a delight.

The Burlington Federation of Woman's Clubs is not yet a year old. It is composed of the Alpha, Fortnightly, Shakspeare and Ladies' Musical Clubs, and the "Utile Ten" and "Do What You Can" circles of King's Daughters. The Alpha Club has

fifteen members, the Fortnightly twenty, the Shakspeare thirty, and the Musical one hundred and eighty. There are about forty-five in the King's Daughters circles. The first public meeting of the Federation was held in April, when a symposium on "America" was given. The meeting was a success, and since then the Federation has been a recognized social factor. In June a general meeting was held, at which the club presidents presented reports of their year's work. Since then much time has been devoted to preparation for the Semi-Centennial. The town was canvassed for subscriptions, an "Autumnal Fête," which lasted a week, was given, and many refreshment stands at the park during the celebration were in charge of these ladies. Certainly this Federation during its brief career has made a record of usefulness of which all club women may well be proud.

The Federation was fortunate in securing for the program an address by Miss Mary Safford, of Sioux City. Miss Safford is the pastor of the First Unitarian Church of that city. She is a beautiful woman,—beautiful in face and form, in life and character. Recognizing fully the seriousness, the "pathos and sublime" of human life, she carries into that life the brightness of hope, and the sweetness of a broad and generous sympathy. In her address she paid a loving tribute to the unsung and unwritten deeds, sacrifices, and influences of the unknown women who have helped to make the State, and to train and rear her citizenship. She made a plea for right living, and for higher aims and greater accomplishment in all that makes for the advancement of humanity.

Miss May Rogers, of Dubuque, a lady well known in club circles, presented an address on "The Pioneer Woman and the Club Woman." Miss Rogers is a brilliant speaker and writer, and is a member of the Ladies' Literary Association of Dubuque. In her address she pictured the pioneer woman—her cheerfulness and courage, her "wisdom of common sense," her queenly courtesy and generous hospitality. Speaking of the work of club women, she said: "The most popular club department is that of practical work

in education and philanthropy, which fosters kindergartens, libraries, and galleries, establishes humanitarian and reform institutions, and encourages homes for working-girls. She well added: "There are no partisan, sectarian, or personal motives in the service of woman's clubs. They give freely of their knowledge, their executive force, their business ability, their heart's enthusiasm, and their hands' labor. Their invitation is to whatsoever is of worthy womanly life and willing mind."

"Our Unpaid Debts" was the title of an address by Miss Emma Fordyce, of Cedar Rapids. She is a member of the Athene Club of that city, and a teacher by profession. She is a lady of unusual ability and attractiveness, and has that calm self-possession that marks the ideal teacher. Her theme was the evolution of the educational woman, and her influence and work in the history of the State. The greatness of the teacher's task and the responsibility of the position were well pictured. "To her is given to take the children of many nations, of many tongues, of many religions, and to make of these children citizens of a common state, and of a common country, lovers and defenders of the same flag." The thought that all are teachers no matter what the position in life, with all their attendant duties and responsibilities, was impressively expressed. "It would be a narrow view to take of the question, were the teacher to be considered the only educational woman. Whether she will or not, every woman is educational. If she be base then shall she teach baseness, never so deep. If she be womanly, broad-minded, generous, clear-seeing, righteous, that shall she make in all whom she knows."

Mrs. Pauline Swalm, of Oskaloosa, is too well known to require extended notice. No woman in Iowa has a higher place in the admiration of her associates than she, and none more merit it. Her subject was "Iowa's Social Life," embracing both a retrospect and a forecast. Her tribute to the first generation of Iowa men and women was as fine as it was just and true. "Each of the twenty-eight States of the Union gave in measure its best elements to that early Iowa whose citizenship was as diverse in nativity as it was homogeneous in character and life. The result was a natural, wholesome, virile, human society, restrained by all the virtues of freedom, and unstained by any of its vices; that moulded the growing life into comeliness and clothed it with strength, and impressed it for all time with the splendid simplicity and actual greatness of its individual factors." While fully ap-

preciating the new and serious problems to be solved by the coming generations, her splendid optimism sees the triumph at the end. "It is to be the strength of struggles, the yea and nay of human destiny, and in its arbitrament, the eternal humanities will have triumphed."

"The Wealth of a State" was the subject of an address by Rev. Caroline Bartlett, of Kalamazoo, Michigan. Miss Bartlett was an Iowa girl and spent her childhood days at Montrose. She is now pastor of the People's Church at Kalamazoo, and has a national reputation as an independent thinker and an impressive pulpit orator. More than that, she is a woman of the noblest character, whose life's mission is to uplift and elevate. In her splendid and thoughtful address Miss Bartlett laid down these propositions, with much force of argument and wealth of illustration: "First, no State is rich simply because the aggregate of possessions of its citizens is great, because that does not constitute a commonwealth. Second, no State is rich in which men are subordinate to things, because wealth consists not in the things possessed, but in the possession of things." In closing, woman's power and mission to uplift the moral and spiritual tone of humanity was strikingly portrayed. "What are some of the things women can do? I think, first she ought to simplify her domestic life so that shall rest upon men no pressure to burst their hearts in keeping up an estate beyond their means. Second, by instilling true valuations of life in her children. Third, by elevating social life."

The committee having the program in charge consisted of Mrs. J. J. Seerley, president of the Burlington Federation; Miss Jessie Beming Waite, its efficient and talented secretary, and Miss Edith Crapo, daughter of Hon. P. M. Crapo. The social and musical features of the day were of the pleasantest character. Following the afternoon program an informal reception was held at the Coliseum, at which an opportunity was given the public to meet the speakers and vice-presidents. Among the latter were Mrs. A. B. Howe, of Marshalltown, president of the State Federation; Mrs. Jessie Mallory Thayer, of Chariton, corresponding secretary, and many other of the leading ladies of the State. After the reception the guests were driven to Federation headquarters, where supper was served. The guests then repaired to a natural amphitheater in the park where, in the open air, amid beautiful trees and romantic surroundings, "Midsummer Night's Dream" was presented by the Shakspeare Club. Thousands of people sat or

stood on the surrounding slopes watching the beautiful scene. It was an ambitious undertaking, but it was in every way an eminent and striking success. The musical numbers of both afternoon and evening programs were of exceptional excellence, reflecting great credit, not only upon the participants, but also on the Ladies' Musical Club, which was so largely instrumental in securing such unusual talent. Mrs. Seerley made an excellent presiding officer, bringing to her task tact, grace and dignity, the three requisites for that trying position.

The second annual session of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs was held at Springfield October 7, 8, 9, by invitation of the Springfield Woman's Club. The meetings were held at the State Capitol building, and eighty-four clubs were represented, Mrs. Isabella L. Candee, president of the Federation, presiding. The visiting club women were welcomed in an address by Mrs. J. W. Patton, president of the Springfield Woman's Club, to which Mrs. Candee fittingly responded. As is well known, the Illinois Federation has been especially interested in questions relating to improvement in educational methods, and the program for the first day was devoted largely to papers and discussions upon educational subjects. Among them an interesting and suggestive paper by Mrs. George Irving Brown, of Freeport, on the "History and Future of Compulsory Education in Illinois," in which she pointed out many needed reforms. One of the most interesting features of this session, and, in fact, of the meeting, was the report by Mrs. Alice Bradford Wiles for the committee on education, showing what had been done for the advancement of education under the auspices of the Federation. Schools have been visited and inspected, a comprehensive study of the science and history of education has been undertaken, and the committee has carried on a lecture department for the benefit of the clubs. Thursday morning was devoted to a revision of the by-laws and to three-minute reports from clubs. Papers and discussions on various club problems occupied attention in the afternoon, and Thursday evening, after an address by the Governor, the president of the General Federation, Mrs. Henrotin, without whose presence no State Federation meeting is quite complete, delivered an address on the "Value of Federation to the Individual Club." Several important matters of business were considered, among them a resolution introduced by Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, of Chicago,

providing that the State Federation authorize the president to appoint a committee whose duty it shall be to advance by all possible means the interests of women students at the University of the State of Illinois. The president was also authorized to appoint a committee to urge upon the Illinois legislature the necessity for amendments to the compulsory education law of Illinois. The social event of the meeting was the reception given by the Springfield Woman's Club at the executive mansion. The new officers are: President, Mrs. Alice B. Wiles, of Freeport; vice-president at large, Mrs. Isabella L. Candee, of Cairo; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Maria Sherwood; recording secretary, Mrs. Elgin H. Ray, Champaign; treasurer, Mary E. Haworth, Decatur.

On October 8th, the Nebraska Federation of Clubs convened at Fremont, Nebraska. Over one hundred delegates were present. The new officers are: President, Mrs. Belle Stoughtenborough, president of the Women's Club of Plattsmouth; vice-president Mrs. Jennie Keyser, of Omaha; secretary, Miss Vesta Grey, of Fremont; treasurer, Mrs. M. V. Nichols, Beatrice; auditor, Mrs. Chase, Weeping Water; librarian, Mrs. C. M. Lambertson, of Lincoln.

By the 1st of October women's clubs were busy at work once more. As the school and college open their doors and summer sports are given up by hundreds of eager students in every part of the land, so the vacation ends in September for the woman's club, and from all over the country come reports of the opening of the year's work. Among the many new year-books of Iowa clubs received is that of the Nineteenth Century Club, of Cedar Falls. This club opens its second season with the study of English Literature. The Isabella Club, of Nashua, is also beginning the study of English Literature, and prints a very comprehensive outline of the work to be undertaken. The program for 1896-97 of the Ladies' Literary Society of Waterloo is also at hand. Their study for this year will be England, giving prominence to its history from a social and philosophical point of view. The club is the fortunate possessor of a club library of nearly four hundred volumes. The Friday Club, of Newton, announces, as its course of study, Robert Browning and Sociology. Its year-book, which is especially well printed, outlines the program for thirty-nine meetings. Quotations from different authors, and a paper on some subject outside the

regular course of study, are features of each meeting.

The first meeting of the year of the Des Moines Woman's Club was held the last day of September. An interesting feature was the reading of the history of the Club for the year by the club historian, Mrs. J. E. Day, who has been the historian since the office was created. The annual reports of the outgoing officers were also presented. Mrs. West, who presided in the absence of the president, Mrs. A. B. Cummins, introduced the new president, Mrs. R. R. Peters, who delivered an address. A new feature of the work of the Club will be the opening of the pretty Club parlors in the Y. M. C. A. Building, from 10:00 to 5:00 daily, the members taking charge alphabetically. The subjects chosen by the committee for papers and discussions this year are more essentially practical in their nature than any before taken up by the Club, although an important place will still be given to Art, Music and Literature.

Marshalltown, Iowa, is the home of ten federated clubs, nearly all of which resumed work in September. The first meeting of the Marshalltown Women's Club was known as Officers' Day, when the new president, Mrs. Snelling, delivered her inaugural. Their new year-book is very complete and well arranged. Some of the departments have been re-organized, while others have been added, the departments now being: Art, History, Home and Education, Literature, Music, Philanthropy and Applied Christianity, Philosophy and Science, Travel.

Among other Marshalltown clubs recently beginning work are the Literary Clan, which will study American short-story writers; the Roundabout Club, which is beginning the study of Steele's Elements of Political Economy, taken in

connection with modern writers of fiction; the Calisophian Club, the Unity Club and the Witenagemote.

To clubs interested in library work, the series of parlor entertainments, given under the auspices of the library board of the Marshall County Library Association of Marshalltown, will be of interest. The series consisted of six parlor entertainments, which were given afternoons at private houses. They were in every way successful. The first was given in August and consisted of readings by Miss Beedy, of Chicago. Next was given a lecture by Mrs. Jessie M. Thayer, corresponding secretary of the I. F. W. C., on "Village Improvement." "What We Read" was the subject of the third lecture, by Miss Ida Street, of Des Moines; and the fourth of the series was an illustrated paper on "Posters," by Mrs. Adelaide Lawton, of Cedar Rapids. Mrs. Maria C. Weed, of West Union, was to have given one of her charming original stories, but could not be present. The last of the series was given by Mrs. Benton M. Harger, of Dubuque, her subject being, "The Romance and Genius of Michael Angelo." Papers by Mrs. Lawton, Miss Street, Mrs. Weed and Mrs. Harger are to be found on the list sent out by the Bureau of Reciprocity.

One of the most progressive of Kansas clubs is the Ladies' Reading Club of Junction City, which this year enters upon the twenty-second year of its existence. The program for the coming club year is at hand, and is one which cannot fail to be interesting and profitable. Current events are discussed at each meeting, two impromptu speeches are made, while occasional papers and book reviews vary the study of Tennyson's Poems, which is the chief work of the Club for the year.

YOUR ENEMY.

FEAR not, too much, an open enemy—
He is consistent, always at his post—
But watchful be of him who holds the key
Of your own heart, and flatters you the most.

Andrew Downing.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

INTERFERENCE with the citizen's right of free speech on several occasions during the recent presidential campaign, notably in Omaha and in New Haven, recalls an incident of the campaign of 1880 witnessed by the writer, which, owing to the pressure of other telegraphic matter at that time, did not find its way into the press dispatches. It will be remembered that General Grant and Senator Conkling were pressed into campaign service to help save the electoral vote of the State of New York to Garfield and Arthur. On the way from Bath to Elmira the special train stopped at Corning, where a great crowd was assembled. The General, on learning the name of the town, quietly remarked, "I have something I want to say to the people of Corning." He walked to the rear platform and, after the cheering had subsided, said (we quote from notes made at the time): "I am here not to make a speech, but to offer an apology. I am informed that when I passed through your city a few days ago, General Magee was addressing a mass meeting of Democrats in your city park yonder, and that he publicly accused me of so planning my arrival as to break up his meeting. Now, I want to say to you, without affectation of humility, that I would have walked all the way round your city rather than to have seemed capable of anything so foreign to my nature. I believe in the largest liberty of public utterance and in the educational value of speaking campaigns. And the man who is unwilling to allow any member of the opposing party the same freedom of speech which he enjoys must certainly think himself and his party in the wrong."

WERE the eyes of George du Maurier* turned inward when that first paragraph of "The Martian" was penned? The words are such as a devoted friend and

admirer might have written on du Maurier himself. We quote:

When so great a man dies, it is generally found that a tangled growth of more or less contentious literature has already gathered round his name during his lifetime. He has been so written about, so talked about, so riddled with praise or blame, that, to those who have never seen him in the flesh, he has become almost a tradition, a myth—and one runs the risk of losing all clew to his real personality.

"Riddled with praise or blame," praised for what he regarded as his least meritorious literary work, blamed for a serious and dangerous purpose in that work,—a novel meant to be cleverly photographic only, in its picture of life in the Latin Quarter,—commanded by fame to surpass himself in the next and every succeeding product of his brain,—with sight impaired and heart action weak and irregular, it is not greatly to be wondered that George du Maurier's life suddenly terminated. Nor is there longer any mystery in those last words, "Yes, its [Trilby's] success has at last killed me."

* * *

GEORGE DU MAURIER was a familiar name to old magazine readers long before "Trilby" was born. Year after year it was the habit of readers of *Harper's* to first of all turn to the back part of the magazine and see what new phase of English society had been satirized by du Maurier in the full-page picture reproduced from the London *Punch*. To such, the tall and stately maiden, with in-turned eyes and aquiline nose, was as familiar as were the faces of their next-door neighbors. We can only speculate as to the extent to which the success of "Trilby" was due to the artist-author's audacity in reproducing that same aristocratic young woman in the unconventional garb and with the free and easy slang of the innocently unvirtuous model of the Latin Quarter. But, after all speculation ceases, there is still something mysterious in the enormous popularity of "Trilby," so mysterious as to baffle not alone the critic

*Born in Paris, 1834. Died in London, 1896.

and the student of literature, but also the author himself. No wonder du Maurier worked long and anxiously over "The Martian." Other authors had something tangible to work from. The success of "Waverley" might well have assured Scott that "Guy Mannering" would win. Dickens must have seen in the popularity of the "Pickwick Papers" and "Oliver Twist" that he had struck a lead which could be safely followed. But "Trilby" was the first and last of its kind. The science of hypnotism rapidly advanced beyond the mystery play of Svengali, leaving scarcely a vestige of scientific ground for that human monstrosity to stand upon; and the eyes of an admiring public were soon opened to the fact that the innocently unvirtuous Trilby had no counterpart in the Latin Quarter or anywhere else outside the imagination, and that du Maurier's heroine in real life is fatal to the moral purity of the Little Billees with whom she comes in contact.

The pitiable thing about the short and brilliant career of du Maurier as a novelist is that it will go out in the darkness of oblivion about as suddenly as it flashed upon the literary world.

* * *

"THEY built the State more glorious than they thought,
Those simple carvers of an earlier time.

Though rude their tools and few with which
they wrought,
The passing years have made their work
sublime."

Thus sang the poet-laureate of Iowa, Major S. H. M. Byers, at the recent Semi-Centennial celebration of his State. The poem of the occasion from which we quote is not even mentioned by its author in the interesting sketch of the celebration which he has elsewhere given the readers of THE MIDLAND. But that this distinctively literary feature was in every way worthy the occasion no one can doubt who reads the poem.

The Burlington event brings into rightful prominence the pioneers of a half-century ago whose well directed industry so powerfully acted upon the forces of nature as to make the State they founded materially great, and whose strong individuality so vigorously acted upon a chaos of disorder as to create a social order the excellence of which is our rich inheritance to-day.

The concluding stanzas of the poem admirably voice the lesson of the occasion:

They built the State and while its rivers flow
Deep, vast, resistless to yon ocean's tide,
May love for it and its new splendors grow
Till all the world shall see how just our
pride!

They built the State, our hands shall keep it
whole.

Proud and erect and glorious it shall be,
Lofty its path, forever great its goal —
Beloved one, we pledge our lives to thee.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

"PLAIN WORDS ARE BEST"—A REVIEW AND A PROTEST.

We had hoped to find in the book itself a fulfillment of the strong promise held out by Miss Corvinus in the September *Arena* that the story written by our townswoman, Miss Rosa Hudspeth, "The Juggernaut of the Moderns," would be found to be "the book long looked for in America," "the greatest production of modern realistic literature in America." We have somewhere seen Editor Flower of the *Arena* quoted as saying that Miss Hudspeth's book is in substance the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the woman suffrage question. This is strong praise. Our disappointment is, therefore, all the greater on read-

ing the book. It is not enough that "The Juggernaut of the Moderns" is at times painfully interesting; not enough that its author's motive is a noble one, namely, "to teach men a lesson of self-control and women a finer sense of justice toward their fellow women." The damning fault of the story is its extreme unfairness in picturing our community life. The unfairness is none the less deplorable because the author is unconsciously unfair.

The scene of the story is laid in "Buffalo City," a small town in the Sand Hills region, within sight of the Black Hills. A beautiful and refined young

woman from Ohio, in search of health and employment, applies at a law office for work as stenographer and typewriter. Her beauty of face and form at once charms the junior member of the firm and she is employed. The very first morning of her engagement reveals to this modest, refined, sensitive girl that her employer, a married man and a pillar of the church, is a despicable rake wholly without respect for virtue in woman. Without the slightest encouragement from her he at once begins a series of insults to her womanhood by taking liberties which no true woman will for a moment tolerate. The high-souled young woman whom Miss Hudspeth pictures at the outset could no more have brooked such familiarities than she could have endured the atmosphere of a brothel; and yet the author shocks her reader's sensibilities by willing that her heroine shall remain in the libertine's employ!

Insult fast follows insult. Before that first morning is over, this creature in the form of man smilingly turns the sensitive young woman over to the demand of a drunken client that she take his correspondence from dictation, an ordeal which she escapes only by flight. But she promptly returns next morning only to be met by fresh insults from her employer. The villain next compromises her in public estimation. He then, in a moment of passion, takes liberties which not even an accepted lover may take. She not only remains in his service after this climax of insults, but, strangely regardless of the man's wife and children and of her own reputation, goes to a public festival with him as her escort,—this after his actions toward her have become unmistakably criminal. And the reader is expected to sympathize with her because she is severely let alone by the women having the festival in charge! After he has compromised her in various ways, and made known his guilty passion for her, she awakens to the discovery that she loves this creature! To make the long and pitiful story short, this embodiment of vice once so repulsive to her, first becomes endurable, then admirable! After all this, the author, speaking of Lawyer Harland, says:

Yes, there was everything in him that a woman could admire; his marked personality; the magnetism of his voice and words, the fineness of his sensibilities, his wit, his ready flow of ideas, and above all the frankness and boldness of his manners and speech.

This from the author is all the more unaccountable, for, from the first words spoken by him until the last, Harland reveals himself to be disgustingly low, weak, cowardly, ungentlemanly. Once

accepting the false premise,—that virtue can thus tolerate libertinism,—the inevitable end may be seen from the beginning,—the young woman is ruined.

The guilty pair elope. Harland's pastor follows them to Hot Springs, South Dakota, and brings the recreant husband and father back to his family. Harland leaves the wronged, outraged Katherine friendless, penniless, disgraced, without so much as a word to break the force of that last cowardly blow dealt her.

This is but an outline of the story. Entering therein is the strongly-portrayed character of Mrs. Wollesey, the acknowledged mistress of Harland's partner, Judge Bitsell. This woman's unhappy married life with a rakish husband had made her the sworn foe to marriage; and yet, from her new standard of virtue, she was as true to the judge as though she had been his lawful wife. She it is who develops the sermon of the story,—for an *Arena* novel without a sermon would be an anomaly,—and a strange sermon it is: Briefly, that men are all bad,—“merchants, jobbers, runners and business men generally,” “all tarred with the same stick; the trail of the serpent is over all”; that from infancy to old age a man is taught that he “may go anywhere, do anything, make any sort of a spectacle of himself and still be upheld and respected by society”; that “mothers rejoice at the birth of a boy; they weep when a daughter is born”; that all men regard girls as “their natural prey,”—and much more of the same sort that may have been true in ages past and is doubtless true of some barbaric races yet,—but, as a general statement of the condition of morals in our American communities, West or East, is simply false and wholly pernicious.

We have a right to take the long discourse of Mrs. Wollesey as the author's sermon, for the whole story exemplifies the doctrine therein presented. Note how black that miniature world of Buffalo City is painted! From the very first man whom the beautiful stranger meets—a banker and an officer of the church—to the last man who appears on the scene,—the minister who takes the despicable libertine back to his deserted family,—not one man appears in the entire book who can be said to be free from moral leprosy. After quoting the pastor of Lawyer Harland's church as playfully (!) wagering that in case they should both become widowers he “could get around twenty girls” while Harland was “sidling up to one,” we have only to quote one other saying from this source to show how vile is the stream of human-

ity on which the story floats. The Reverend (!) Mr. Cheeseberry, pleading with Harland at Hot Springs, says:

It's not necessary, my brother, for a man to make such a break as you 'ave made; there's no call, no hexcuse, whatever. Society is constituted so that it gives to the man the hutmost liberty of haction in such cases; 'e who would wantonly throw away 'is 'ome, 'is 'ard earnings, 'is prospects for life, for the sake of a pair of plump harms and a slender waist is nothing short of a fool.

That there are seducers who in their hellish career stop not in the presence of virgin-pure womanhood until souls are debauched; that there are young women in offices and stores who make the life mistake of tolerating advances from men to whom they are indebted for employment; that there are pillars of the church whose moral foundations are rotten; that there are ministers of the Gospel who thriftily condone "all the sinful lusts of the flesh," and some who themselves betray weak members of their flock,—all this cannot be denied. But that employers of women as a class are creatures of unbridled lust; that, as a rule, mothers rear their sons to regard women as their legitimate prey; that virtuous women in business find themselves powerless against rampant vice, and that virtue in woman is lightly regarded by men—or even by *most* men—the experience and observation of our widely-scattered readers, women as well as men, will, we doubt not, emphatically deny.

Nor should a false sense of delicacy, or a false idea of courtesy from man to woman, keep back another phase of the subject. The seducer's arts are not alone practiced by men. Many a mother who has reared her son to believe in womanly virtue and to respect womanhood goes down to her grave sorrowing because that son has fallen a victim to the wiles of a wanton woman who yet lays claim to respectability. Not alone the young and foolish have gone her way, "the way to hell," "down to the chambers of death," but, as the knowing Solomon puts it, "many strong men have been slain by her." Many as are these cases, they yet form a very small percentage of the population of any community.

Notwithstanding these conspicuous imperfections in our social state, we yet believe, with a firmness which every day's observation and reading strengthen, that the present time is the best time in the history of our community life. There never was a time when purer, truer, nobler men were engaged in ministerial and pastoral duties. The very prominence given a lapse of virtue reported

from San Francisco, or Chicago, or some obscure village, only proves the exceptional nature of the sin. There never was a time when women were as respectfully treated in their homes, on the streets, in the cars, in public assemblages, in elevators, in stores and offices, as in these days of tradeswomen and office-women. The over-significant courtesies which in the past men extended to beauty and gentility have given place to true courtesy toward *all* womankind. There never was a time when the aggregate morals of office-men and tradesmen in our large cities and smaller towns were morally toned as high as they are now. There never was a time when the unmarried libertine and the married rake were so generally debarred from society.

The rake, the central figure of the old-time novels and dramas, now rarely appears in our best literature. And when he is introduced, he is made to preach with tremendous force the lesson of all history, namely, that lust kills the soul. There never was a time in the world's history when Christ's "Go, and sin no more" found an echo in so many mother-hearts as it finds in this age of noble effort for the uplifting of the fallen.

These plain words are directed, not against this one book in particular, but against the class it too well represents,—a class of so-called purpose novels, the effect of which—however high may be the purpose of the author—is to substitute a baleful pessimism for the healthful optimism planted in the soul, and to so thoroughly fill the reader's imagination with pictures of exceptionally deplorable conditions as to incline him to the belief that our social life is hopelessly bad, and fast tending from bad to worse.

"Ancient Civilizations," by George Shelby Hughes,* is a well printed book of 440 pages, devoted to the task of showing that "one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh, but the earth endureth in all time,"—in other words that the evolutionary theory of the creation and development is at most mere hypothesis met at every step by incontrovertible facts. The author cannot conceive of a beginning of this earth, or of life on the earth, any more than he can conceive of a beginning of the existence of the earth's Creator. He assumes that since there have been retrogressions to barbarism in historic times, there were like effects from like causes, in pre-historic times. He maintains that the

*Published by the author and sold by Orson Lulu, Des Moines. \$2.

line between civilization and barbarism is not easily drawn even now, the highest civilized races evincing certain traits of their barbaric ancestors and the barbaric races presenting some features that bring the blush to civilized peoples when comparisons are made. The author would controvert the theory that our American aborigines came from Asia across the Bering Strait or *via* Aleutian Islands. He shows the course of migration has always been westward; that every new seat of empire has been founded west of its predecessor, and that the aboriginal inhabitants of our land are no exception to the rule. This writer has great respect for practical geology, as applied to mining, etc., but no respect for speculative geology. Ancient civilizations are ably and exhaustively reviewed; their differences and their similarities are forcibly presented. This, the greater portion of the work, includes chapters on Eastern Asia, Western Asia, Egypt and Phenicia, the Israelites, the Jews, Greece, Carthage and Rome, with a consideration of the cause of the Dark Ages and the end of pre-Christian civilization.

This is a remarkable work. Its author is a compositor, and every page of the book was put in type by himself and the press-work of every form was supervised by himself. But this circumstance has nothing to do with the quality of the book, except to emphasize the fact, apparent on every page, that the universities, helpful as they are in a thousand ways, hold no monopoly of learning. Here is a man with only two years' indifferent schooling in the backwoods of Alabama and Georgia and with a record of thirty-three years' service at the printer's case, who—thanks to free libraries and cheap books—has read all the best works on the sciences and on man's life upon the earth; has mentally digested them and independently analyzed them, and after long and mature reflection has drawn his own individual conclusions therefrom. These conclusions he has presented in book form with a clearness and directness of statement usually found in the writings of schoolmen who, though early trained by stylists, have risen superior to mere style in writing. Far from having exhausted himself in a single book, Mr. Hughs is to follow up this work with another on the Christian Civilization, and a third on American Civilization.

"Love or Diamonds. Was He to Blame? A Novel," by M. H. Underwood,* is one of the old-fashioned love and adventure novels. The plot is shrewdly conceived and cleverly developed. It opens in the East and is soon transferred to the far West where it unfolds. The heroine's many trials and tribulations include a mysterious abduction, life in a cave, some blood-curdling shooting and much bookish love-making—under ground, and above ground. Love wins, of course. The writer's style is much of the time stilted and the dialogues are too heavily loaded with "purpose" to be natural. A minor purpose, which most readers will pass lightly over, is that of introducing a large number of the author's verses, most of which are without discoverable poetry. Mr. Underwood is the third ambitious Des Moines author whose work has come to our table this month. Would that we might find more in it to praise; but it comes to us with a well-conceived story smothered in verse, dialogue and preaching.

RECEIVED.

A strong contribution to the anti-free-coinage side of the question soon to be decided by the people is Albion W. Tourgée's little book, "The War of the Standards; Coin and Credit *versus* Coin without Credit." G. P. Putnam's Sons,† New York.

The Student's Diary, an Indispensable Note-book for all Public and Private School Pupils, compiled by C.W. Wendle. G. P. Putnam's Sons,† New York.

Abraham Lincoln, a Poem, by Lyman Whitney Allen, "Sangamon,"—The New York *Herald's* \$1,000 Prize Poem. G. P. Putnam's Sons,† New York.

Beaux and Belles, by Arthur Grissom. G. P. Putnam's Sons,† New York.

Story of the Thirty-second Iowa Infantry Volunteers, compiled and published by (Col.) John Scott, Nevada, Iowa.

Morceaux Choisis de Jules Lemaitre, edited and annotated by Rosine Mellé. Ginn & Company, Boston.

Our Judges. Brief Sketches of the Judges who have occupied the Bench in the First Judicial District of Iowa, etc., by George Frazee.

*E. A. Weeks & Co., Chicago; paper, 25c.
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PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

THE "NEW BOHEMIAN" ABSORBED BY THE MIDLAND.

Announcement.

The New Bohemian Publishing Company, in discontinuing its magazine, has wished to place its list of unexpired subscriptions in the hands of a publication which would be sure to satisfy the subscribers,—as to locality and literary merit. THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, after careful consideration, has been chosen, and the New Bohemian Publishing Company takes pleasure in announcing that this exponent of the literature of the Middle-West will be sent to all subscribers to the *New Bohemian* for the balance of the time for which the subscription was paid. The following letter accompanied the list:

MR. JOHNSON BRIGHAM, Publisher MIDLAND MONTHLY, Des Moines, Iowa.

Dear Sir,—In turning our subscription list over to you we believe that we are doing the best possible thing under the circumstances—that is, we are providing our subscribers with good literature by writers of the section in which we took the greatest interest—the Middle-West. We commend your magazine to their encouragement and their interest, and do not doubt that our course will meet with general approval. Very truly yours,

THE BOHEMIAN PUBLISHING CO.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY welcomes to its constituency of readers the subscribers of the *New Bohemian*, of Cincinnati, which recently suspended publication. The Bohemian Publishing Company (see its announcement elsewhere made) rightly concluded that "the representative magazine of the Middle-West," as the *Review of Reviews* aptly terms THE MIDLAND, would more satisfactorily complete its contracts with its patrons than could any other periodical before the American public; and hence it has arranged with THE MIDLAND to take up its unfinished contracts and complete them. This work we cheerfully undertake, for the reason that the hope which inspired the pioneer subscribers of the *New Bohemian*, that the Middle-West might find its voice in lit-

erature, is at one with the purpose of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. Though remote from the great advertising centers, and therefore unable to compete with the dime and nickel periodicals of the East that are possible, on the present basis of expense, only because of the advertising they carry, we are nevertheless demonstrating that the Middle-West will support a Middle-Western magazine even though its price is based upon actual cost and not upon the liberality of advertisers. Now and then one finds a Middle-Westerner so narrow of view as to discriminate in favor of the East and against the magazine of his section, because Eastern advertising has made it possible for him to save a few cents on the price by dropping the home magazine and taking one printed at the seaboard; but thousands of broad-viewed men and women are evincing a degree of loyalty to THE MIDLAND which is not measured by the four and one-sixth cents a month difference in the price between THE MIDLAND and the dollar monthlies of the East. With the now certain advent of better times, with New World corn and wheat going from us by vast shiploads and Old World gold coming to us by the millions, it is plain to be seen that now is the time for the progressive men and women of the Middle-West to plant broad and deep the foundations of the Middle-Western magazine.

The death of the poet, William Morris, October 3d, inspires Mr. Will F. Brewer, of Bozeman, Montana, to write a beautiful poem, "The Idle Singer of an Empty Day," for the December MIDLAND.

"Who reads THE MIDLAND?" The question in this midland region is, "Who doesn't read it?" A friend sends the publisher this postscript: "You will perhaps be interested to know that the Marshal at Amana has received over sixty marked copies of the July MIDLAND,—from north, south, east and west." The July MIDLAND contained Miss Bertha M. Horak's description of Amana Colony.

I am highly pleased with the books [Americanized Encyclopædias] and would not be without them.—Esther Bissell, Correctionville.

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Publisher's Notes — Continued.

THE MIDLAND averaged over fifty sales of encyclopædia sets a week all through the last summer, the dullest summer known to business men. And the sales show no falling off this fall. This means over fifty complete libraries and over fifty additional copies of the representative magazine of the Middle-West placed in midland homes every week.

The New "First Lady in the Land," an illustrated sketch of the wife of the President-elect, by Mrs. C. F. McLean, author of the recent MIDLAND sketch of Stevenson at Gretz, and of the sketch of Senator Foraker, in our September number, will have a leading place in the attractions of the December MIDLAND.

Miss Scott, daughter of Col. John Scott, of Nevada, a writer of rare talent, an artist with pencil and brush, and a skillful amateur photographer, has been engaged for a series of illustrated sketches to be written during the overland journey of six or eight months which Colonel Scott and his family are taking from Nevada to the Mexican Capital. The trip will be in many respects unique and, we doubt not, very enjoyable. Miss Scott's many friends and admirers will rejoice to learn of THE MIDLAND's arrangement for sketches.

The Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane will be pictured by Mr. Tjernagel in the December MIDLAND.

The award of the judges in THE MIDLAND's October Competition gives the cash price for the Best Original Poem to Mr. T. C. HARBAUGH, of Casstown, Ohio. The prize poem, "A Vanished Hand," will be published in our December number.

The December MIDLAND will be a splendid number, fitly closing this magazine's third year of progress, under difficulties which when considered as a whole, seem almost appalling.

Richard Harding Davis, in *The Critic*, winces under newspaper misrepresentation. Say what they will in scorn of the journalistic traducer, his libels hurt—and they sometimes kill.

Bret Harte's three-act play, "Sue," was not a success on the New York stage.

Miss Harriet Chedie Connor, of New York City, formerly of Burlington, will in the December MIDLAND have a sketch of Johann Hoffman, the great German artist, illustrated with beautiful copies of the artist's famous paintings, "The Boy Jesus in the Temple," and "Christ and the Rich Young Man."

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Publisher's Notes — Continued.

"I see my name among the successful
ten who answered the Twenty Questions
last month. I am only a little girl but I
love THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, so please
send the magazine to me," etc.—Jessie
E. Palmer, Marquette, Mich.

The opening chapters of the Grant
papers are interesting reading and the
indications are that they will prove so to
many readers.—Hon. C. L. Gabrielsen,
secretary State Dairy Association.

"Early Literature in the Miami Val-
ley" is a recent acceptance from Law-
rence Mendenhall, of Cincinnati.

Your magazine must have a pretty
extensive circulation, as I have heard
from my modest sketch ["Dr. Nunnally,"
in the September MIDLAND] from friends
all over the country.—Edgar White,
Macon, Missouri.

"Song and Fable" is the engaging title
of a book of poems in press, from the pen
of Barton O. Aylesworth, president of
Drake University. The work will issue
from the Kenyon Press, Des Moines, some-
time in November.

I look forward with interest to the de-
velopment of "Grant's Life in the West,"
by a Western man. The best service the
West can render to the rest of the coun-
try is in expressing its characteristics
clearly and forcibly through Western
pens. Such work as this will do more
than anything else could do to remove
the ignorance of Western life into which
the East has grown by depending almost
exclusively upon Eastern writers for its
knowledge of Western affairs.—Rev.
James Clarence Jones, Rector St. Thomas
Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.



WE PUT THIS HERE x x x x

Because you'll see it, and we ask all the gentlemen who have made promises to their wives and daughters that if **their** candidate should be elected they would do certain things:— Within a few days after THE MIDLAND for November reaches you "the die will be cast," and the electoral vote declared, so it's in order in this November number to remind you that at **The Harris-Emery Co.** is the best place in this State for you to redeem your promises and pledges, whether it be a handsome Fur Garment, or some other kind of a new Fall or Winter Wrap, or whether it is a handsome Silk, Novelty, or Black Dress, or set of Table Linen, or whether it is a Carpet that is needed or some other article in Rugs or Curtains—whatever it may be, we are fully prepared to meet your demands to the fullest extent. Of course, we all know here in Des Moines who is to be the next President—other people in other portions of the state may not be so fortunate—but, whatever you do or say, don't forget *The Harris-Emery Co. when the time does come.* We still pay your railroad fare one way provided you buy the required amount of goods as per our published card—if you don't understand what that is send for a card.

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Publisher's Notes — Continued.

Th. Bentzon (Mme. Blanc), whose interesting sketch of Octave Thanet and her winter home in Arkansas appeared in the July and August MIDLAND, translated by Mrs. Schaeffer, the talented wife of the president of the Iowa State University, has a charming sketch of French home and school life entitled, "About French Children," in the October Century.

In the spring of 1894, the paid-ahead list of the *Literary Northwest*, of St. Paul, was transferred to THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, that paper having suspended. Last summer, *Tainter's Magazine*, of Lancaster, Wis., and Galena, Ill., arranged to have THE MIDLAND assume its unexpired contracts with subscribers, and suspended publication. And now come to hand the unexpired subscription contracts of the suspended *New Bohemian*, of Cincinnati, the publishers having rejected several offers to fill those contracts, preferring that the list should be filled by THE MIDLAND. Next? With every such accepted trust THE MIDLAND becomes more representative in its constituency and finds its way into many new homes and communities.

December's MIDLAND will contain a sketch of Rev. Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren"), author of "Beside the Bon-

nie Briar Bush," etc., with the editor's impressions of him as a man and as a lecturer.

Mary Morrison, whose poem, "November," appears in this number, and whose name has before appeared in THE MIDLAND, resides in Chase, Michigan.

The *Western College Magazine*, a high-class intercollegiate periodical, comes to us from Kansas City, Mo.

The *Magazine of Poetry*, Buffalo, is discontinued.

The *Bostonian* has enlarged—in name at least. It is now *The National*.

The names of many of the new magazines and magazinettes in so many words inform the public that the editors and publishers who project them regard the public as either children or fools. For example, *The Black Cat*, *The Magpie*, *The Penny Magazine* (for five cents), etc.

John A. Kasson congratulates *The Century* on the publication of "the most satisfactory life of Bonaparte which has yet been presented to the public."

Hamlin Garland's "Cliff-Dwellers of the Southwest" is the best bit of description the *Ladies' Home Journal* has indulged its readers in since—when?



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WHAT THE GREAT DAILIES SAY.

The *Inter Ocean* a week ago mentioned the well written article by Mr. William W. Phelps, "How Oregon Was Saved to the Union." One word was omitted. It should have read, "in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY for October," published at Des Moines, Iowa, and not "The October Monthly." We make this amend to answer inquiries, and also take occasion to commend the *handsome, entertaining and ably edited magazine*, which is now well along in its sixth volume and *steadily growing better*.—*Chicago Inter Ocean*.

Its Woman's Club and Fiction Departments are well filled with readable matter. —*Evening Wisconsin*.

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And a delightful number it is.—*San Diego Journal*.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY (Des Moines) for October contains the first of a series of papers by Col. John W. Emerson on "Grant's Life in the West and His Mississippi Valley Campaigns." This magazine, which is edited with good judgment and care, seems to have passed beyond the experimental stage and to be now well established.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

The first installment of Col. John W. Emerson's "Grant's Life in the West," displays a large personal knowledge of the character and career of the greatest soldier in history.—*Omaha Bee*.

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THE "GRANT" EVENT.

The American magazines are engaged in a great race just now. They are reaching out for features that will make them popular. The publishers are engaged in the business of selling magazines, and they want the thing that will attract the public eye. As a result all the best magazines are presenting features that are very strong. One of the best of these—perhaps more important than the features presented by any of the other magazines—is the beginning of the story of Grant's Life in the West, in the October number of THE MIDLAND. Certainly to the people of the midland region this series of articles will prove more interesting than anything else appearing in the magazines. It is especially timely for Iowa readers in this jubilee year of Iowa statehood. Colonel Emerson begins his story with some comments on Grant himself, and an estimate of his work and his ways. Then he plunges at once into an essay upon the conditions of the midland region as Grant found them when he came to Jefferson Barracks in 1844 as a young lieutenant. That was when Iowa was yet a Territory, but St. Louis was already a

town of importance and the big steamers crowded her wharves. The story must be interesting from the start, for Grant's whole life was interesting. Colonel Emerson shows in the first chapter that he knows how to bring out the interesting features of Grant's early life. We shall expect many more interesting chapters in this story, and THE MIDLAND is deserving of all credit for having brought it out at this opportune time.—*Sioux City Journal.*

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, always excellent, is in its October number at a higher point of excellence than ever before, the General Grant article alone entitling it to distinction among the magazines of the country.—*Davenport Republican.*

The October MIDLAND MONTHLY is one of especial value to the teacher. The first of a series of articles on the life of Gen. U. S. Grant appears in this number and should be read by every man and woman that stands before the youth of this country in the public schools.—*Midland Schools, Des Moines.*

